ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE MODERN MAN

VOLUME 26 NUMBER 2

MAYFAIR

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AMANDA

Wind your way along the twisting lanes of Devon, through a cluster of remote villages, and you'll eventually find a converted chapel. This is now the home of 24-year-old Amanda Kendall. Born and bred in Nottingham, Amanda inherited the ramshackle house two years ago from a long-lost eccentric aunt, shortly after her Mayfair debut. Now the girl who used to go to the Goose Fair has a fair number of geese herself. "I think it was Auntie's way of congratulating me on being so daring," said Amanda with a wry smile.

Photographed by Peter Williams

But living on the edge of Dartmoor has not been as romantic as Amanda had hoped. "Being a D H Lawrence fan, I was expecting to lure a randy gamekeeper by now," she sighed. "But so far all I've caught is a cold!" However, Amanda hasn't spent all her time alone. "I did take an old boyfriend up to a lonely part of Dartmoor for a picnic and a bit of a cuddle," she recalled. "But wound up sharing the car with three horses!"

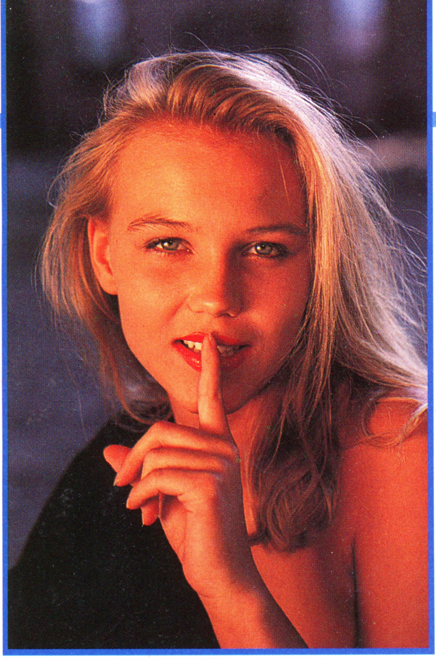
Sorry? "The guy I was with insisted on feeding one of the wild ponies through the car door, and we couldn't get rid of it. It was halfway in trying to eat our picnic. Then another turned up and another. They wouldn't move until they'd chomped their way through everything we had. Even when we shut the door, it was difficult getting down to any serious passion with three ponies staring through the windscreen. You don't get that in Nottingham!"

DEBBIE

Fresh-faced Debbie Logan, our lovely 18-year-old from Dorset, is addicted to open-air swimming – but not in the depths of the British winter! So we flew this Mayfair debutante to the Med and let her splash about in comfort. "I'm very keen on anything wet and warm," giggles Debbie, "and though I say it myself I'm not a bad swimmer at all.

Photographed by Paul Shelley

I won a few medals for my school back in Dorset, and I was a bit of a heroine with all the local boys. Loads of them used to come along to cheer me on at contests – though I don't know how many of them were really sporting enthusiasts, and how many just liked to look at me in my swimming costume!" At present Debbie is working as a temp while she decides on a future career: whatever line she chooses to go into, we're sure she'll make a splash!



Carla

Slim blonde Carla Lethbridge describes herself as the "jeans and teeshirt type". Although she owns the sort of Islington flat that appears in the pages of a colour supplement, she says she's happiest touring the markets of north London looking for antique bargains. For holidays, she opts for a friend's converted farmhouse in central France. Settle her down with a bottle of rough local wine, a baguette and fresh cheese, she's happy as a sandgirl!

Photographed by John Patrick Burgess

"Some people just don't understand," sighed the 20-year-old as she lounged in an elderly armchair in the draughty dark lounge of her French holiday home. "Being brought up in a middle class environment is much more of a trap than poverty. It's so hard to rebel." Carla has done her best. At the age of 18, she ran away to Paris to mix with the Bohemians on the left bank, at 19 she posed nude for an Italian sculptor and now she's doing the same for *Mayfair.* "So what if Daddy disinherits me?" she cries. "At least, I'll have some fun."

Although Carla has never *had* to work for a living – Daddy's job in the City has seen to that – she has been everything from a waitress to a road sweeper, and claims to have loved every minute. "I've never been afraid of getting my hands dirty," said the rebellious youngster. "And I hate people who are. I could never go out with the sort of wealthy wimps my parents always

seem to like. I want a guy with..." Carla looked around as it to check whether we'd be shocked: "A guy with balls."

Ms Lethbridge — she prefers the title despite its feminist connotations — now delights in throwing off her early influences. She disposed of her smart public school uniform by having it sprayed with paint for an "Action Art" creation. Of course, she was wearing it at at the time. Her riding hat from her Cheltenham pony club days is now a surrealist fruit bowl. The *Mayfair* session was the final fling. "Now I'm a woman, I wanted to express my sexuality in its rawest form. I wanted men out there to want me, to desire me, and have me in their minds." We're sure they will, Carla.

RACHEL GARLEY

AND (SPECIAL) FRIEND!

The life of a Page Three girl is a hectic one. So occasionally top model Rachel Garley has to get away from the gaze of guys to feel the sun on her boobs rather than the studio lights, and the cool surf caressing her body rather than the tight-fitting frock that's *de rigeur* in London's nightclubs. But when Rachel said that she'd just returned from the West Indies where she spent a week alone with her close friend, Angela, we couldn't resist asking her to show us her holiday snaps.

Rachel and Angela stayed on the beautiful island of St Kitts, and wasted no time in stripping off and heading for the beach. After rubbing oil over each other, the sun worked its magic on their lithe bodies turning them a beautiful brown all over. "I've never been shy about baring all on the beach," Rachel says. "Feeling the hot sun on my breasts and bum is so wonderful after having to wrap up against the mist and drizzle back home. And the sea is so invigorating. It really makes me feel good."

But why no men on this girls-only trip? Rachel was keeping quiet about that one, but perhaps there are occasions when guys just aren't necessary – for these two at least. After swimming together, a fishing trip and a scramble over the rocks, they spent the evenings attracting admiring stares from the locals – but the guys were allowed to look and not touch!

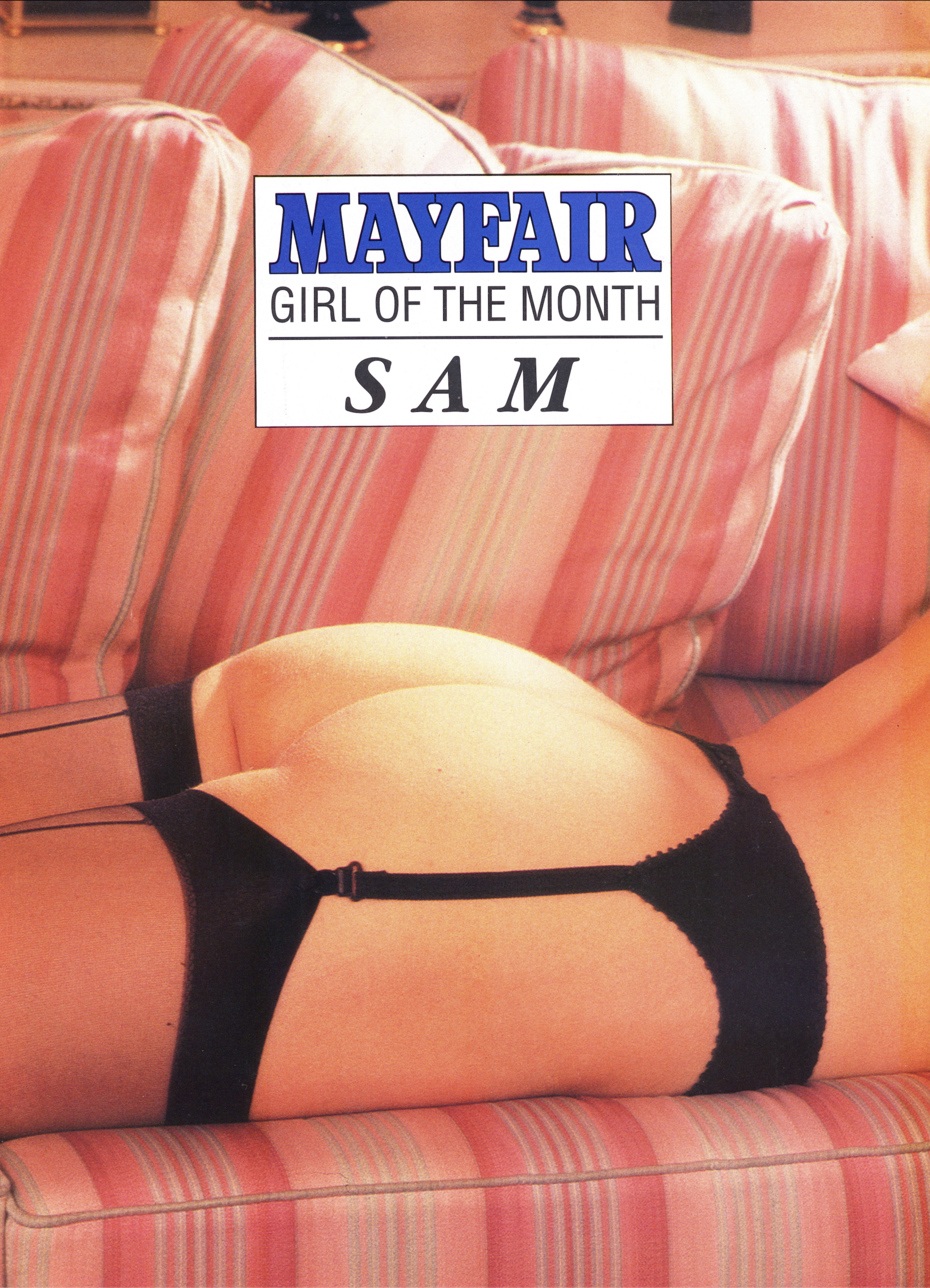
Seven days later, Rachel and Angela were back in London. Ms Garley went back to her punishing schedule of photo sessions and personal appearances, her tan making her even more in demand than ever. Angela returned to the office in her guise as a sober secretary. The only souvenirs of their week of bloke-free bliss are these holiday snaps – and a few others even Rachel was too shy to share with us. I wonder why?

SAM

Blondes have more fun, the saying goes, and it seems to be true in the case of 20-year-old Samantha Johnson. Samantha (Sam to her friends) is an art student whose life isn't still for a moment. The Liverpool-born blonde not only paints, designs clothes and sings acapella with a girl friend, but also finds time to collect everything from *objets d'art* to underwear. "My life is like my flat — cluttered," said Sam. "I suppose you could say I was a bit dizzy. I just can't organise myself: I need a nice, steady boyfriend to sort my life out, I think!" Whoever's lucky enough to get that position can look forward to some sexy surprises: "I collect Victorian lingerie, which a lot of men seem to like,"

Photographed by Ralph Medland

Sam says with a cheeky little grin. "They used to wear layers and layers of frothy petticoats, you know..." Not that all Sam's smalls are that old fashioned. She also loves brief silk and satin sets, and makes a point of wearing sexy undies even around the house because "If I feel sexy I feel good, so I wear my sexy underwear all the time! I chose my favourite stockings and suspenders for these photographs. I suppose I was a little nervous. It was my first ever nude shoot, and I wasn't sure whether I would look nice or not. I just hope I haven't disappointed any of you!" Rest assured, Sam...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SAM

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GIRL OF THE MONTH
SAM

NATALIE

Now who says that accountants are boring? Clearly nobody who's met 22-year-old Natalie Meredith. "I suppose you expected me to wear a formal grey suit rather than a bright red basque," Natalie said with a smile. "But even book-keepers can have a sexy side to their nature. When I'm dressed for a boring meeting to discuss the effect of 1992 on our export drive, I like to wear something saucier underneath — something to remind me that I'm a sensual woman, not a human calculator."

Photographed by Donald Milne

Natalie freely admits to a taste for the erotic, and her flat in Battersea is the sort of place we'd all like to be invited back to for coffee. Subdued lighting, good brandy in the drinks cabinet, and a large soft double bed give us some clues to this lady's leisure pursuits. "When I'm home I like to completely forget the problems of the day," she says. "The first thing I do is strip off to my undies, put Ravel on the CD and lie on my bed... thinking." Thinking of what? Natalie's answer is a deep blush.

Natalie has never been short of men friends, thanks in part to a 38-24-36 figure that can make even the coolest accountant want to start juggling the figures. "Please, no jokes about big assets," she says with a smile. "I've heard them all before. Why are big boobs always considered funny? Mine are just as sensitive as a pert pair of 32s, not an excuse for corny jokes." Natalie takes her sexuality seriously. "It's important," she insists. "A lot more important than adding up columns of numbers all day!"

Kirsten

One of the most popular Page Three girls to grace the pages of *Mayfair* is 23-year-old Kirsten Imrie. Kirsten has been the toast of the tabloids for nearly two years, but it was her last appearance in our Vol 25 No 9 that had our postman pulling a muscle lugging your letters of appreciation. A curtain call for Kirsten is what you were after, with the Edinburgh lass revealing a little more than the rapidly shrinking black-and-white pictures in *The Sun* dare show. So although Ms Imrie no longer does full nude work, here's a wee flashback to her full-frontal days.

Photographs by Geoff Howes

Kirsten's 38D-24-34 twin features are also popular with film producers. She recently made her acting debut in the film, *The Rainbow Thief* starring Peter O'Toole. That's something that all Scotland can be proud of. The bad news for those of you North of the Border is that curvy Kirsten is not a true Scot at all. She was actually born in Kensington – moving to the Scottish capital when she was one year old. However, she's certainly an auld acquaintance who won't be forgot!

Tina

What makes the perfect barmaid? A poll conducted in our local says it's good looks, a chirpy personality and a love of flirting. That would explain why 20-year-old Tina Preston is one of the best barmaids in Birmingham – though the exact location of Tina's workplace has to remain a secret, by order of her boss. "I believe in flashing a lot of leg and a bit of boob," explained Tina, "and I wear tight clothes that show off my bottom. A smile is important too – when guys actually look me in the face, that is."

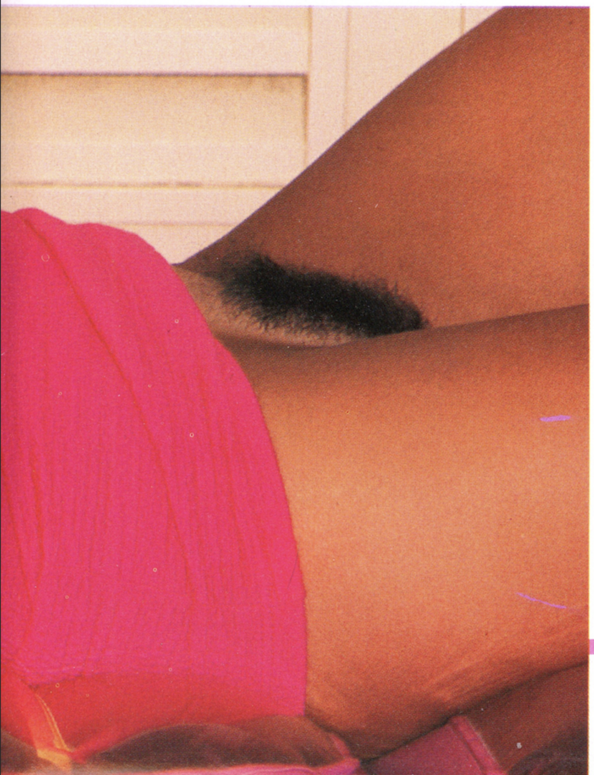
Photographed by Neil Carter

As well as boobs, legs and bum, Tina reckons that another part of the anatomy is essential in her job – a shoulder to cry on. "You'd be surprised how many lovely guys come in wanting a sympathetic ear. They might be upset over a bad day at the races or a stroppy boss," said the 34-25-25 Harborne girl, "but II see it as part of my job to cheer them up! One even insisted on resting his head on my shoulder all night. I thought it was rather cute. Then I realised I had my lowest frock on, and all he wanted was a close-up view of my cleavage! Ah well – it's nice to know a man's enjoying himself!'

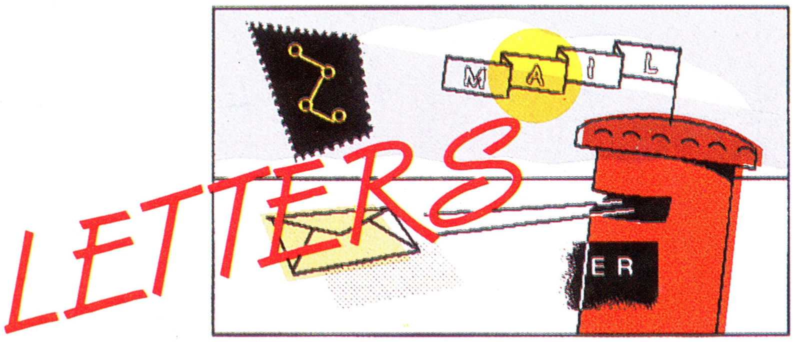
Sarah

Sarah Leigh is in the pink right now, which won't come as shocking news to anyone who knows her. Sarah loves outrageously bright clothes, and you can spot the 21-year-old a

Photographed by Rowena Stewart



mile off as she makes her way to work in the reception of a Manchester office block. "Yes, I am a bit of an extrovert," says Sarah with a grin. Something of an understatement from the girl who once greeted a trade delegation by flashing her boobs. Her moonies on the motorway have also caused a few men to swerve onto the hard shoulder. "I can't take anything seriously – especially men," Sarah insists. "I never have relationships, just a good time. Perhaps when I'm 30 I'll settle down and wear boring white blouses and black skirts to work. Who knows, I may even start wearing undies!"



We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Please write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Naughty Natalie

Sixty sensational girls! Surely this must be a record even for Britain's best men's mag? Congratulations on Vol 25 No 12: it's a fitting climax to Mayfair's first quarter-century of superlative male entertainment. I sang Julia Parton's praises, pole-vaunted round the gym with Gorgeous Georgy, climbed onto the top shelf with sexy Sharon Hawthorne, followed the contours of curvy Sara Jenkins, learned a thing or two from student Hilary Bryer, shared an imaginary pie and pint with pert-nippled Susie Rushmore, felt in desperate need of Celia Whitfield's caring hands, dreamed of fiddling the books with Kate Hewletson and fantasised about joining 'horizontal jogger' Naomi King in a punishing circuit of my bedroom.

But the girl who tops my turn-on list? It has to be Model of the Year, Page Three star Natalie Banus (*pictured below*). I've followed her career ever since she first bared those fabulously rounded boobs, and never thought her figure could be improved. But she's right – it is even better now, sleeker, curvier and unbelievably arousing! I'll even forgive her for not turning round in her full nude shots and showing us all her charms. No greater love hath a fan than that, you must admit!

PRP, Hendon

Lights out

I found your feature on the army's sniper's school, 'The Killing Field' in Vol 26 No 1 absolutely fascinating. You know, of course, that snipers were responsible for the superstition that lighting three cigarettes from the same match is unlucky. This dates from the trenches of World War One. After dark the first flare of a match would arouse an enemy sniper's interest. The second cigarette lit would enable him to judge the range, and the owner of the third cigarette would receive the bullet.

WL, Hastings

Very blue ribbon

I wonder if any of your reader's wives or partners share my girlfriend's taste for willy decoration?

I am 29, she is 24. We've been dating for four months and sleeping together for three. Sue's a bright, outgoing girl who's always been keen on bed, but as we've got to know each other, she's revealed a positive passion for oral sex. When the mood takes her she gives me what she calls her 'Torture of a Thousand Virgins.'

We both undress, I lie back on the bed with my legs apart, and Sue kneels over me. She starts by lightly stroking my whole crotch area with her fingertips, at first just brushing my limp cock and balls. But, as I start to stiffen (this doesn't take long!), she bends closer and breathes warm breath into my crotch, and perhaps even gives my swelling shaft a quick, soft kiss.

As I get a full erection, she begins to do me properly, giving me long, wet, loving licks up and down the length of my hard-on, and flicking her tongue delicately around my gland. Then – when I'm twitching and gasping with the urge to come – she'll suddenly plunge me right into the back of her throat swallowing up my whole length in her hot, wet mouth.

This can take place two or three times, depending how horny I'm feeling, before I reach the point of no return. I leave it up to her to decide whether to slow down and let me cool off before we go on, or to suck even harder until I let fly (Sue claims one of her biggest turn-ons is feeling that first big spurt splash into the back of her mouth.)

Recently, though, when we got close to this point she suddenly giggled, sat up and picked up a small gold chain bracelet she'd put on the bedside table. Next thing I felt the metal against my cock. I looked down and saw she'd draped it around the base of my shaft. She grinned at it, chuckled and asked if I thought it looked pretty.

Next she bounced off the bed, and picked up a string of pearls she wears occasionally and had left at my place. She then looped them carefully around my cock. By now it was showing signs of keeling over under the strain, stiff as it was, but Sue seemed fascinated by the look of my decorated willy.

Eventually I persuaded that we had more urgent concerns, and we got down to a damn good screw – without the decorations! Since then the same thing has happened three or four times, not just with jewellery, but with hair ribbons and silk handkerchiefs or scarves. On the last occasion my girlfriend tied a neat, blue ribbon around the base of my cock and got me to parade round the bedroom so she could see how it wobbled up and down. Daft as I felt, it obviously turned her on enormously. After a couple of minutes she lay back, opened her legs and said, "OK, I've had enough. Do me now!"

Of course, I was right on her, but I paused to take the ribbon off my willy. But she moaned "No, no, keep it on – I want you to take me with it on." How could I refuse? I penetrated her and gave her my deepest strokes, and she moaned and thrashed about like crazy.

Afterwards she confessed that seeing me like this was one of her biggest fantasies, but she'd never had the nerve to tell me until now. She also said she had some other fantasies she might get around to letting me in on some time soon. When she does, I'll certainly let you know the results!

PY, Bournemouth

Wifely DIY

My wife and I were fascinated to read your recent Quest series on female masturbation. We've been married for eight years, are now in our mid-thirties and have always had an active sex life, but masturbation is a subject we've never discussed openly – even though my wife's annual 'treat' is buying me the Christmas issue of Mayfair!

After she had read the interviews in Vol 25 No 12 she asked me outright for the first time ever, 'Well, do you or don't you?' Being as cowardly as most men, I hummed and ha'd, then asked her if she ever did. I thought she'd tell me to mind my own business, but, to my surprise, she said, 'Yes, I do from time to time. Are you shocked?' I was, even though I denied it. But my wife obviously thought she'd upset me. She said it was only

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something she did very occasionally when I hadn't been around for a while.

We didn't say any more about it for a few days, but that Friday we were both home in time for an early night, and we made love. My wife's favourite position is when she's on top. She says it gives her more control – she's just over five foot and I'm a good six foot. She also loves having her boobs fondled and licked while she slides up and down on my shaft. We both enjoy building up to this with oral sex.

Because of our difference in heights 'sixty nine' doesn't work too well, so we generally take turns. That night it was mine. My wife knelt down between my legs and began teasing my cock with her tongue. Meanwhile I was reaching under her to cup and fondle her boobs. As we both got more and more turned on she did what she usually does, which is slip her hand between her legs and feel if her pussy is moist. But this time, as she went to straddle my legs and sink onto my cock, I reached down quickly, took hold of her hand and put it back over her pussy. She looked at me in surprise and asked if I wasn't ready yet. I just said, 'Are you sure you are? Why don't you make certain?' And I pushed her fingers against the wet lips of her pussy, just over her clit.

She gave me this very old fashioned look – obviously seeing exactly what was in my mind. Then she gave an embarrassed laugh and said, 'You're turning into a dirty old man, did you know that?' I shrugged and said it was just healthy curiosity, which got me another laugh, then I let go of her hand.

I half expected her to leave it at that, but she kept her hand on her pussy. Then she said, 'I can't do it if you're looking at me. You're going to have to close your eyes.' I couldn't believe it – she was actually going to play with herself in front of me! My heart was suddenly thumping crazily.

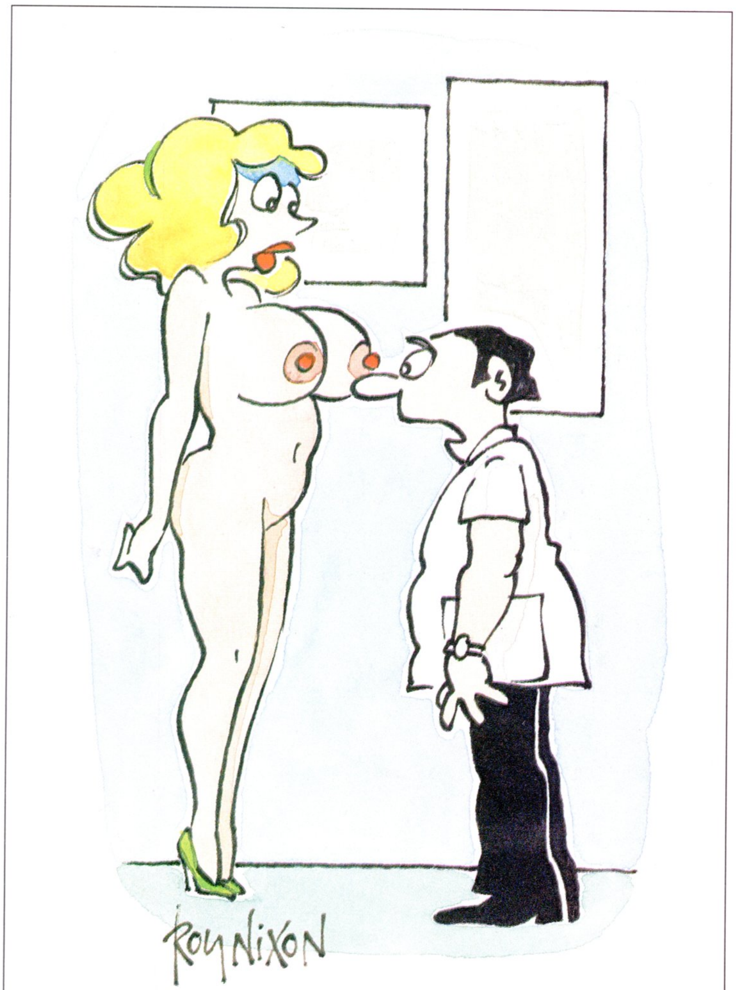
I shut my eyes and lay still. For a minute I wasn't aware of anything, then I felt a slow, rhythmic movement where my wife's thighs touched mine. I cracked open my eyes, and had the most erotic sight I've had in years: my wife's hand rubbing firmly at her pussy, her crotch jerking forward with each rub, her big, squashy, hard-nippled boobs swaying together, and all the time her eyes tight shut in concentration, her mouth gaping with little gasps of breath. I was utterly spellbound – I think it was almost the horniest sight I'd ever seen. As I watched she suddenly began panting more deeply. She moaned and dropped her head and whispered, 'Oh Jesus!' Then she shuddered, rubbed fiercely at her pussy and gave a loud gasp.

That's when she opened her eyes and saw me staring at her, but she didn't look away or stop her hand, which was still moving slowly at her crotch. 'Come on,' I murmured, 'come on – do it for me.' Her eyes glazed over, and she shuddered again. She whispered, 'You can still put it in me, before it's too late.'

I just reached forward, cupped her right boob and rubbed my thumb over its hard nipple. Then I cupped her other boob, and gently massaged both nipples at once. Staring into my eyes, she began rubbing quickly between her legs, panting harder and harder, until she gave a loud moan, her whole body jerked and she clutched at my arm, gasping. I tweaked her nipple and she jerked and gasped again, moaning loudly as she came.

My cock was so hard I couldn't hold back. Reaching down I positioned my knob on her lips, just below her furiously rubbing fingers, and slowly slid myself into her. I could feel the last spasms of her orgasm ripple round my length, and that took me over the top – I came as she pounded herself up and down on my cock.

Then her spasms were over, and she collapsed into my arms. It was one of the most erotic moments in our entire sex life, and one we hope to repeat regularly.
KS, Canterbury



My diagnosis? Your eyes are bloodshot!

Julia rules

A million million thanks for your set of the unbelievably luscious Julia Parton in your Christmas issue! Ever since she was first in the news I've been totally smitten with this beautiful brunette. To me she's the perfect woman: that lovely face mixes sensuality and sophistication with a kind of teasing innocence, and that superbly rounded figure, set off by those full, firm, unbelievably bouncy breasts, is a dream body.

It's even more arousing to know that Julia (rightly) loves to show off her body, and that she likes photographing other girls too. She obviously knows all about sexual arousal, so I'm sure she does a good job behind the camera: why don't you give the lady a break and run some of her pics in Mayfair? If Joanie Allum's staggeringly sexy shots are anything to go by, ladies have a special talent for photographing their peers!

One last query: could you ask Julia what sort of circumstances she prefers to photograph in? Would she use a studio or her own house, how would she get the model in a sexy mood, and so on. I would be very interested to hear her methods.
ALM, Lancaster

Julia tells us she likes to shoot in the afternoon, after a long lunch with good wine, usually at her own house in Las Vegas. As for getting the model in a sexy mood, she finds that it helps if she wears very little herself while working: 'It makes the girls feel more secure, and helps that sexual chemistry,' she said. Here's another view of the lady for all her fans – and don't worry, ALM, we certainly intend to publish some of Julia's work in the near future! - The Editor

Friend indeed

Now that winter's here again, I like to warm myself up from time to time with fond memories of an erotic encounter that occurred last summer. This was when my best mate's wife allowed me to have sex with her – and I'm convinced it was with my mate's blessing.

Dave and Liz have been good friends of mine since our university days. We're now in our mid-twenties.

I actually went out with Liz first. I never got her into bed, but I did persuade her to slip off her bra a few times, and the memory of fondling her full, firm 36C boobs under a sweater is something I've never forgotten.

She and Dave married after their finals, and when I took a job down south I saw much less of them, though we always stayed in touch.

A couple of years ago I became involved with a girl who was physically quite similar to Liz (ie full-bodied and shapely, but dark-haired instead of Liz's chestnut).

Last year we all planned to go camping together in North Yorkshire. At the last minute, though, my girlfriend and I had a blazing row, and we broke up. I was hardly in a mood

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for a good time, but Liz and Dave persuaded me to go ahead with the holiday.

Liz couldn't have been more sympathetic, listening for ages when I needed to talk about my girlfriend – while Dave would leave us discreetly undisturbed. The only problem was I found my old attraction for her getting stronger and stronger. I couldn't help the suspicion that she felt the same.

It all came to a head on our last day when we decided to have a picnic at a favourite spot. It had rained the night before, but it was a gorgeous, boiling hot day, and we took along plenty of beer and wine for a final binge. To mark the occasion Liz had discarded her usual tee-shirt and jeans for slip-on shoes, bare legs and a light summer dress, buttoned up the front.

I had every intention of getting rat-arsed, but Dave surprised Liz and I by beating me to it. The hot sun obviously made a difference too, because after our meal, Liz and I went to help Dave to his feet and found ourselves equally squiffy. All three of us ended up giggling like idiots.

It was then Liz slipped over in a lingering patch of mud. I don't know she managed it, but her dress snagged on a piece of hedgerow, and she spattered muck all over her pants. Of course, Dave and I thought this was hysterical. But then Liz astonished both of us by squatting down and wriggling out of her knickers. Dave then had another set of hysterics and virtually passed out.

The upshot was that Liz and I had to manhandle him back to where our tents were pitched. Meanwhile all I could think of was that Liz was wearing absolutely nothing from the waist down under a very flimsy dress. But, if it bothered me, it obviously didn't bother her – especially when we had to get Dave over a sty on the way back. As I was helping her down a breeze blew the bottom of her dress up and I had a sudden, mind-jarring glimpse of a bare, gingery-haired mound. I jerked my eyes away, but Liz just went 'Oops,' and giggled.

There were similar remarks all the way back – from 'This really feels weird; I must leave my knicks off again,' to 'I hope Dave sobers up by tonight; this is having a very odd effect on me!'

Finally we got back, and deposited Dave in his tent, dead to the world. Then I went to get some coffee from my tent, convinced the sooner we all sobered up the better. The next thing I knew Liz was wriggling in after me.

'I've been very thoughtless and naughty,' she said. 'You know how awful I am when I drink too much. Do you forgive me?' She sounded contrite, but she didn't look it. I said it was fine, though, and she curled up next to me. Meanwhile I couldn't find the coffee tin in my rucksack.

Liz said, 'Let me look,' and leaned past me, very close, virtually on all fours. That's when I noticed the bottom two buttons of her skirt were undone, the material had opened and I was getting another eyeful of pubes.

If there's one thing Rico can't stand it's compulsive nail-biters!

Kiss me Kate

I found Joanie Allum's photoset of Kate Hewletson (Mayfair Vol 25 No 12) the most erotic I have *ever* seen in your magazine – and since I've bought every single issue for two years, that's saying something. Kate seems to combine sweetness and naughtiness in just the right proportions. Even my girlfriend agreed with me that she's the sexiest creature we've ever set eyes on! Do give my thanks to both ladies concerned: you've made a young man very happy indeed!
RL, Swansea

We'll pass on your comments, RL: we happen to know that both ladies love a flatterer! - The Editor

This time, though, she didn't just giggle, but grinned at me, and said, 'And I always thought you were a boob man.'

By now our faces were only a few inches apart. I couldn't help myself. I pecked her on the lips. She grinned again, and said, 'You used to be much more passionate than that.' This time it was a proper kiss. I pulled her forward, and we rolled sideways onto my sleeping bag, Liz pushing herself against me.

Next moment, for the first time in four years, I was closing my hand over one of her gorgeous boobs. Even through the dress material and bra, it felt as round and firm as ever. She gave a little, contented sigh as I squeezed and fondled it. Then she closed her eyes as I slid my hand down her body. That was when it dawned on me that this might not be a good idea.

I stopped, and Liz looked up at me. 'Don't worry about Dave,' she said. 'He won't disturb us.' Then, when I obviously still looked uneasy, she added: 'We can just undress and hold each other, if you like. I really think you could do with a cuddle, don't you?' I don't know if she meant that as a let-out for me or not, but I couldn't get my togs off quick enough.

Meanwhile Liz unbuttoned her dress, shrugged it off and turned her back for me to undo her bra. Then, unbelievably, we were naked together and I was doing what I'd been fantasising about all week, and for at least four years before that – sinking against that gorgeously warm, soft, richly curved body.

Needless to say, the 'cuddle' was only the start. In less than a minute my hands were all over her breasts, making her chuckle and then gasp as I cupped and caressed them, rubbing my lips over her nipples and tweaking them gently between my teeth. As I squirmed against her, she reached down and I felt her hand brush against my thickly swollen cock. 'Ooh,' she grinned, 'I think you mean it, don't you?' Then she gasped again as I cupped her crotch, feeling how warm and wet her pussy was.

I began to explore her lips, sliding my fingers over the swollen, slippery flesh, rubbing the soft tip of her clit. She jerked, and moaned, then reached down again and grasped my hand. 'It's all right,' she said. 'You can come inside me now.' I didn't need any more invitation – another minute and I'd have resprayed the tent from the inside! She opened her legs, and I slid between them.

As I reared over her, suddenly all the joking and the squiffiness was over. Her face stared up at me, absolutely serious. Then my tip was butting her lips: I eased forward and we both gasped as I sank deep into her hot, wet, tight-clinging passage. Immediately she lifted her legs, knocking them against the walls of the tent and closed them round my back, holding me inside her.

I began to hump her, hard and fast. It seemed to have an electric effect on Liz. She gripped me even tighter, rasping into my ear, 'Oh push push – don't worry about letting go – I'm on the pill – just do it – screw me!'

That was all I needed. I groaned, and she gave out a wail as I let fly. Then I collapsed on top of her, convinced Dave must have heard us.

If he had, he didn't give any sign of it, either then or when he surfaced an hour or so later. But Liz and I certainly haven't repeated our fling. I'm going out with another girl now, and we're very happy.

Sometimes, though, Liz, Dave, my girl and me go out as a foursome – and I often catch Liz looking at me with a little glint in her eye. Once, when we were stuck together in a crowded corridor at a disco, she even wiggled her bum against me and whispered 'D'you remember the tent?' We may never do it again, but the memory obviously turns us both on!
KM, Brentwood

SCENE

Nudes from the front

Our more eagle-eyed readers will already have noticed that some changes have been made to this issue of Mayfair. The pages are slightly larger, and the magazine is now bound by staples rather than 'square-backed'.

Those of you who possess a boy scout badge for observation may even have spotted some new names on what we (half) jokingly call the 'flannel panel' back on page 3. That's because, after more than two decades of sterling service, Editor extraordinary Kenneth Bound has taken up his typewriter and walked off into the sunset. We know all Mayfair fans will wish him well.

Our new publisher is Paul Raymond, who will need no introduction for lovers of the best in male entertainment. And stepping into Ken's size eights is Stephen Bleach, a man who (we hope) isn't quite as daft as he sounds. We were hoping for some words of wit and wisdom from him on the future of your favourite title, but he had three models in his office and said he 'couldn't be disturbed'. Well, we suppose it shows his heart's in the right place...

Action packed

With sensitive souls still complaining about the number of characters seriously ninja-ed by those heroes of the hard sell, the Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles, here's a new book that makes Raphael's whirling nanchoukas look as menacing as cold pizza.

Action: The Story of A Violent Comic (Titan Books £14.99) is a compilation of some of the most exciting and downright violent stories from IPC's hard-hitting magazine.

Action was launched in 1976, on St Valentine' s Day – appropriately for a magazine full of massacres – as

a rival to D C Thompson's aggressive comic *Warlord*. It was packed with strips containing such violent anti-heroes such as *Dirty Harry* clone Dredger, *Rollerball* rip-off Death Game 2000, and Hookjaw, a shark-baiting story right out of Jaws. Even their obligatory World War Two strip took the Nazi side.

Of course, kids loved it. At its peak, *Action* sold 180, 000 copies a week, but it stood no chance against moral campaigners whose weaponry may not have been as impressive as Hellman of Hammer Force but was sufficient to make IPC think again.

Just seven months after *Action* appeared, it was knocked unconscious and died. Why did IPC drop it? Was it a political plot? And will Blackjack knock out the great white hope in the third round? These are just some of the questions this combined history and compilation will answer.

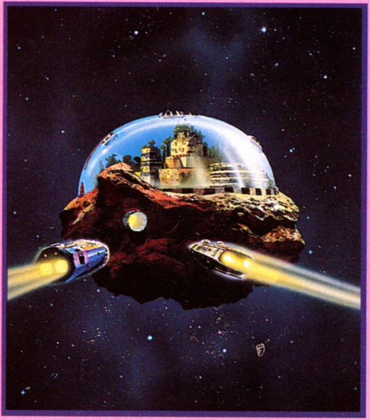
Definitely not for the squeamish, the woolly-minded liberal or pseudo-intellectual, it does contain the sort of gung-ho artwork and storyline that'll make you feel so macho, you won't take any crap from the girl on the under eight item check-out in Sainsbury's again.

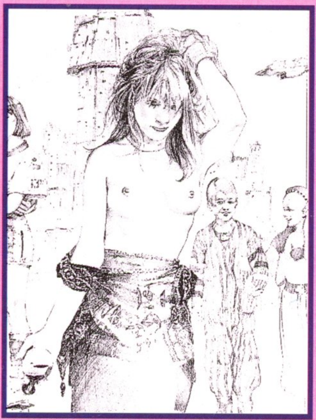
Incidentally, author Martin Barker is a senior lecturer in comics at Bristol Polytechnic. We couldn't help wondering if Bristol Poly were to ever appear on *University Challenge, some* smart-arsed student would be able to introduce himself as 'I'm John Smith, Bristol Polytechnic, reading comics...'

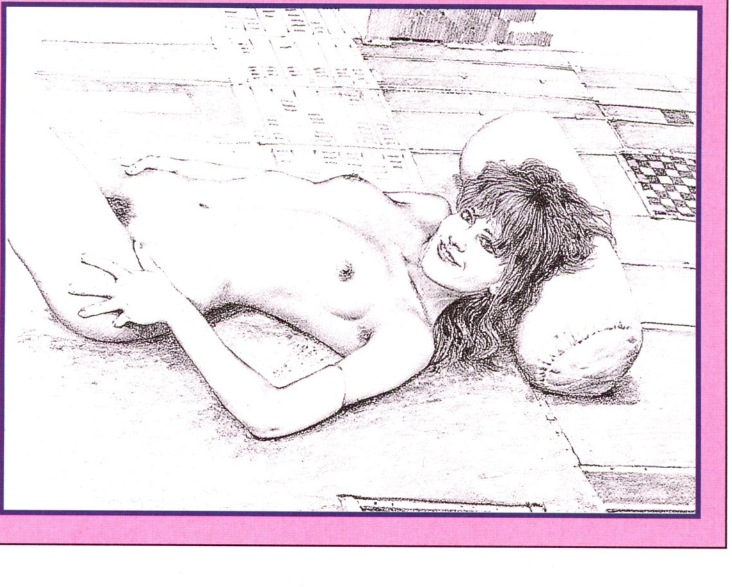
Watch this space

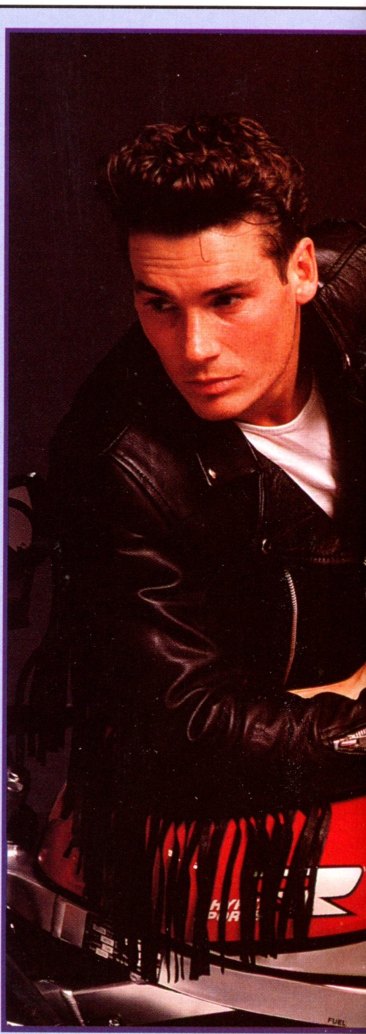
At first you might imagine that the *Diary of a Spaceperson* would not exactly make riveting reading. "Got up. No gravity. Ate breakfast pill. Still no gravity" – that sort of thing. But Chris Foss's book of the same name is much more interesting. Why? Because Mr Foss may be better known to readers as the illustrator of *Joy of Sex* and *More Joy of Sex,* and we're happy to say that many of his spacepersons are female and prone to taking their clothes off. After all, in space, nobody can hear you moan in ecstasy.

***Diary of a Spaceperson* (Paper Tiger £10.95) is full of Foss's work, from fantastic craft and weird and wonderful robots to his ladies, who seem more easily turned on than the ships' computers. Beautifully detailed, the technically excellent drawings show the sort of imagination that makes you wonder whether he is actually from this planet at all. Rush out and buy it before the aliens swoop down and snap up every copy for themselves.**









Hide and chic

With the black leather biker's jacket just as popular with girls who've never been near a moped as Heavy Metal Muvvas this winter, more ladies are learning that there's nothing nicer next to the skin than another skin. Leather is chic, with even *The Avengers*-style catsuit popping up at fashion shows. In short, ladies don't have to carry a whip to wear it any more.

Condom-nation

We were sorry to hear of a new range of condoms launched in America that seems unlikely to get off the ground. According to that 'usually reliable source', *The Sun*, John Hughes of Texas has upset the United States military aviation industry by calling his rubbers Stealth condoms, after the 'undetectable' plane.

His slogan, 'They'll never see you coming with a Stealth' bombed so badly with Northrop, the makers of the radar-beating fighter, that they are taking the Texan to court. Their complaint against Mr Hughes was an interesting one: 'People might confuse the two products,' they said. Presumably the planes are sensitol lubricated for maximum penetration and fight in packs of three.

Mama's got a brand new bag

Ever wondered what the liberated lady has in her bag? Well, it might just be a vibrator, condoms, 'Joy Jelly', erection cream and a selection of other rude lotions and potions – if she carries a Lovebag, that is.

The Lovebag is the idea of Keith Goodwin and macho man Kevin Petts (Page Seven Fella of the Year two years running), and consists of a leather bum bag filled with items guaranteed to prompt a more exciting evening than the three dusty Polos, a dried-up biro and crumpled paper hanky normally found inside.

Just don't do anything that makes her hit you with it. The vibrator makes it rather heavy.

The Lovebag is available from Love Products, Hampton House, Middle Street, Brighton BN1 1AL.

Of the ranges we've seen this winter, the one we like best comes from Hobson De Niro (John Hobson and Karen De Niro) of Scarborough in North Yorkshire. Their clothes are soft, supple and smooth rather than stiff and shiny, so they are comfortable straight away – rather than having to be broken in by some disgusting lavatorial ritual like the ones we've all read about in that Hunter Thompson book.

The range includes everything from jackets for both men and women, skirts and trousers to basques, bras and a really weird range of hats. Quite who will go about in a deerskin set of Mickey Mouse ears is quite beyond us, but the rest of the clothes look decidedly comfy and subtly sexy.

Hobson De Niro can be contacted at P.O. Box 34, Scarborough, YO11 1AA. Being both designers and manufacturers, as well as sending you a catalogue, they are happy to discuss making things to individual requirements.

SCENE

B-Lister-ing performance

If you think Lister is just the name for a pompous hologram on a BBC 2 sci-fi comedy, then you're in for a shock. This new Lister may be red but it's no dwarf when it comes to performance.

The Lister Le Mans Convertible is the latest soft-top from the small Surrey-based car company. With a 0-60 acceleration time of just 4.4 seconds, this seven-litre sports has a top speed of a nice round 200 mph.

At least you'll be terrified in comfort. With Connelly leather seats, Burr elm fascia and door panels and Wilton carpets throughout, plus a phone and Sony compact disc player as standard, it's better equipped than a lot of hotel rooms. Mind you, at £165,000, you might only be able to afford it on a time share basis.

Singular Malts

Over Christmas and New Year, there's a good chance you'll have sampled at least one malt whisky – and if you're any sort of drinker at all, you'll want to try more. Believe me, they're worth it!

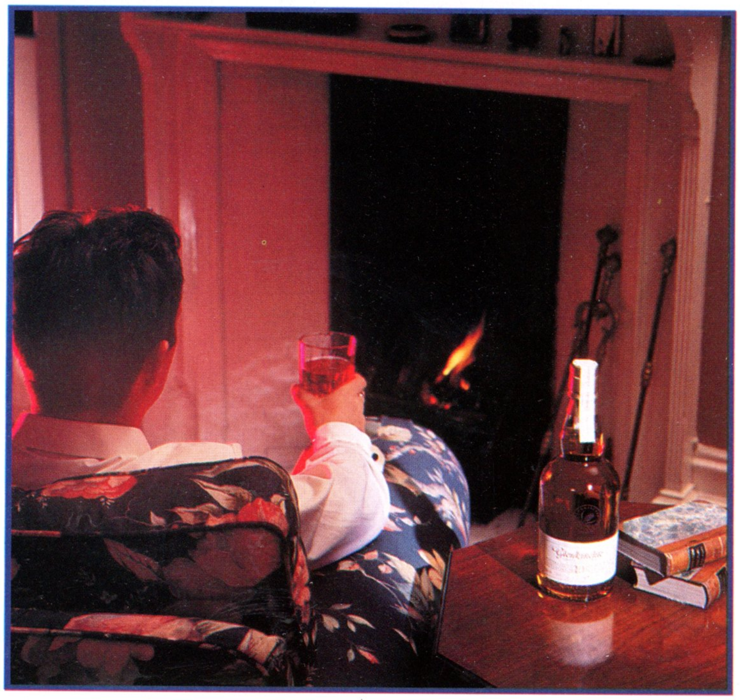
Malts have been made for at least 500 years in some of Scotland's remotest areas, the distilleries sometimes no bigger than a crofter's cottage. Even now there are over 100 distillers of malt whisky in Scotland, each one producing a totally individual Scotch. If you've only tried *Glenfiddick* you're in for a pleasant surprise.

Up till now, malt whisky has been difficult to get hold of in England, except in overpriced exotic bottles at Christmas. But this is changing. Connoisseur drinks are becoming fashionable and distillers like Arthur Bell are making a full range of malt whiskies available, reflecting the differing flavours of the Scottish regions.

Made from just barley, spring water and yeast, it's the lengthy maturation that brings out a malt's flavour. The spirit is stored in oak casks – sometimes old sherry casks as they enhance the taste – for eight, ten, fourteen or even more years. However a 14-year-old malt will not necessarily be smoother than an 10-year-old: this varies with the individual whisky. The flavour can be affected by the shape of the still and the casks. So when an old still is replaced, every last detail has to be copied – right down to the dents. In the end, it's the blender's job to ensure two bottles with the same name taste identical.

Although every malt whisky is different, most experienced malt drinkers separate whiskies into three main areas – Highland, Lowland and Islay – though many sub-divide the Highland area still further into Perthshire, Speyside, Northern, Western and Island whiskies.

Perhaps the most surprising for the newcomer is the Lowland single malt. If you've always imagined Scotch to be a heavy heady drink with a strong smell and even stronger taste,



then Lowland malts will change your mind. *Glenkinchie, a* 10-year-old Lowland, has a soft, smooth and very subtle taste. A number of old girlfriends who insisted that they 'hated Scotch' have had to admit that

they enjoyed it. With a sweet and very gentle flavour and little aroma, it sells at £15.50.

Also surprisingly light is *Blair Athol, an eight*-year-old malt from the Perthshire region. Perthshire malts are not as heavy as the Highlands but with a stronger nose and flavour than Lowlands. *Blair Athol* has a clean fresh aroma with some richness, and whilst it shares the lightness of the *Glenkinchie,* it has a more rounded, fuller-bodied flavour. Again, Perthshires make good pre-dinner drinks, though with slightly more character.

My personal favourite 'all-rounder' malt comes from the Speyside part of the Highland region, the heartland of malt whisky. Both the *Macallan* and *Glenlivet* distilleries can be found here, but for a change I recommend a *Cragganmore*. At 12 years old, it has a smoky and malty aroma and similar taste reflecting its ageing. With more body than the Perthshire whiskies, it could be enjoyed both before or after a meal.

At the northern end of the Highlands, you'll find Scotland's highest distillery, over 1,000 feet above sea level. In contrast to the bleak, windswept location *Dalwhinnie* single malt (a 15-year-old costing around £16) is light and sweet. Its bouquet is slightly peaty and the taste smooth. Again it's an all-rounder, but perhaps not as full-bodied as *Cragganmore*.

The Western Highland and Island malts are more an acquired taste. Full-bodied, peaty and strong, these are the stuff for a night by the fireside after a large game dinner. *Oban,* for example, is a 14-year-old Western Highland malt distilled right in the High Street since 1794. The whisky has a strong peaty aroma with a tang of ozone. The taste is the heaviest so far, well-rounded, full and long lasting. Also £16 a bottle, it's more for the connoisseur, but keep practising!

The Island whiskies are perhaps the most romantic of all given their beautiful locations. *Tallisker* is distilled in the shadow of the Cuillins on the Isle of Skye, and is as strong as the people who climb them. Ten years old, it has a highly intense bouquet, very peaty with a powerful taste that lingers for ever. Perfect for after dinner, it's a taste I've happily acquired, and you can too for £16.50 a bottle.

Finally we come to the Islays, named after a remote but lush island off the west coast. These are certainly the most powerful and dramatic of the malts, highly individual, and not for anyone new to the game.

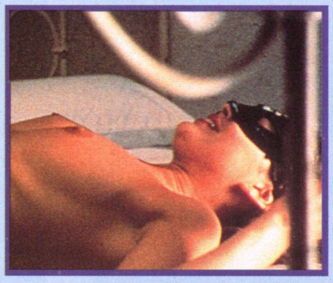
One of the oldest distilleries on the island, founded in 1837, is *Lagavulin,* practically the home of smuggling in the 19th century. Their Scotch is quite unmistakeable. Even at 16 years old, *Lagavulin* has a powerful nose and the flavour is heavy, smoky and very full. Experts call it the 'chewing whisky' because you can roll the flavour around your mouth – seemingly for days. It's ideal for long evenings, preferably when you don't need to get a mini cab home. A bottle of *Lagavulin* will set you back about £17, but once you get used to it, everything else will pale into insignificance.

So where can you try it? If your off-licence doesn't stock a range of malt whiskies already, chances are they soon will. You may not have all seven types to choose from, but most, and even a few supermarkets, are expected to stock one or two. If they are new to you, start with one of the lighter malts like *Glenkinchie* and gradually move up. Like me, you could find you become a two-malt household – I like a *Cragganmore* for everyday and *Tallisker* for special occasions. Even if you don't particularly like Scotch, I think you'll be surprised by single malts. You could find a friend for life! – *Clive Harris*

Wild child Carre

Large numbers of bonking movies drop onto the Mayfair mat in the course of a working week – and large numbers drop straight into the rubbish bin just minutes later. After all, there's only so many times you can watch videos titled *Swedish Au Pair Emmanuelle On The Job In Bangkok* before you realise that the acting's better in *Neighbours* – and it's sexier too.

Once in a blue moon, though, that rare animal is sighted: a good movie which is really sexy. So the Editor pounced on a copy of *Wild Orchid*, a strong story, well acted, with sex scenes that put *Swedish etc etc* videos firmly in their place.



Rumour has it that the sex scenes are so genuine because... well, not to put too fine a point on it, they're genuine. Leading lady Carre Otis and star Mickey Rourke have been enjoying a large quota of rumpy-pumpy off-screen as well as on, so when it came to performing for the camera there was no need to fake. If we didn't know that from our own informants, we might have guessed it from watching the film: it contains the horniest moving pictures we've seen for years. As Rourke said, '*Wild Orchid* picks up where *9 and a Half Weeks* left off, but goes further.' Much further, we'd say...

The uncut video is currently scheduled to be released on January 30, though contractual difficulties mean we can't be sure of the date. Until it's out, we'll sit smugly in the Mayfair office and guard our copy, and we'd advise readers to lay their hands on one a.s.a.p. Even if Mickey Rourke's not your cup of tea, Carre Otis is something else...

RIDERS O

The Tornado: it's the most famous British warplane in service today, and yet until now it has never fired a shot in anger. As the pride of the RAF heads for the Gulf and its first taste of action, Martin Temperley gets inside our deadliest airborne destroyer

Capable of hugging the ground at 200 feet while screaming through the air at speeds of more than 600mph, the Tornado fighter bomber is rated as the most potent attack aircraft produced in the West.

The exceptional precision engineering needed to produce an aircraft capable of such performance does not come cheap — the price tag is a cool £20 million each — but the RAF, Luftwaffe and Italian Air Force are happy to pay up. Not every aircraft can accurately deliver up to nine tons of bombs and missiles on surface targets: even fewer can do this with a reasonable chance of survival in what airmen coyly describe as 'a hostile environment'.

In October, 24 RAF Tornado GR1s were dispatched to Bahrain in response to the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, and more will certainly follow. The Italian Air Force sent Tornados to Abu Dhabi and the Royal Saudi Air Force readied its own force of 30 Tornados. Europe's most advanced warplane, so far unblooded in combat, is now ready for war.

Combat pilots who fly Tornado are a rare breed of human being. They need the correct combination of hand-eye co-ordination, physical fitness and an aggressive, but controlled, temperament. For them, Tornado is merely the company vehicle and an interesting challenge. For average mortals, a flight in a Tornado is a terrifying experience – as I discovered one misty day in northern Germany...

I'm strapped into a Martin Baker Mk 10 ejection seat in full flying kit, travelling at close to the speed of sound. There's no particular sound save for the hum of the Tornado's air conditioner. The world unfolds at such an inconcievable speed that it threatens to penetrate your eyeballs. The pilot pulls a turn to the right. A shocking tilt of brain and stomach. This is low and dreadfully fast, and the nervous passenger has to take faith in pilot and technology. Try to believe in that mortal in the front seat and that clever radar flying the aircraft; don't even think that this plane will crash into that hill which is approaching at what seems the speed of light.

Weapons armed, the radar screen and electronic map display confirm that the computer has worked out the final position, running into the target, up over the higher ground, more grinding G forces, down again and the target — a ruined bridge — flashes past unseen.

It is all too fast for the best brain to handle, even that of the highly-trained Squadron Leader in the front seat. He depends on Tornado and its diverse electronic systems — and usually a navigator rather than a dumbstruck passenger.

Tornado's blunt, ugly lines are a direct legacy of events over the Soviet Union on May 1st, 1960. When a U-2 spy plane, flown by CIA pilot Gary Powers, was shot down over Russia, air warfare changed overnight. Powers' U-2 was flying at an immense height — perhaps 70 000 ft — and was reckoned to be invulnerable to Soviet defences, yet a near-miss from a comparatively crude ground-launched SA-2 Guideline missile blasted the U-2 out of the sky. Powers was destined to experience the rigours of a very public trial in Moscow, and two grim years in a Soviet prison.

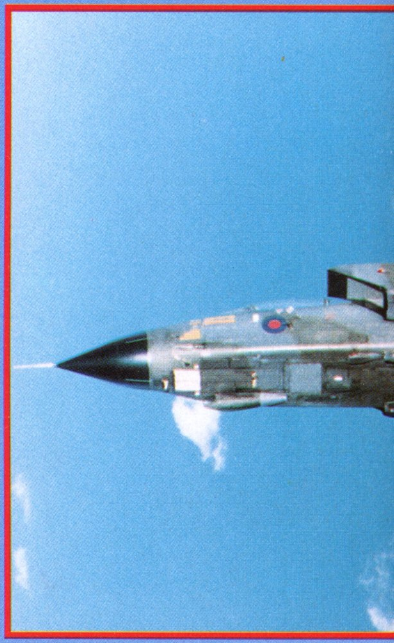
The destruction of Powers' U-2 was a big shock for NATO airforces. The Russians had torn up the rule book.

The most advanced version of the USAF's massive B-52 nuclear bomber and the latest RAF Vulcan were still under test. The Vulcan B-2 depended mainly on its ability to fly at 60, 000 feet to elude Soviet fighters and missiles; while the B-52 could reach 55, 000 feet. With the Soviet Union introducing deadlier anti-aircraft missiles in ever increasing numbers, there was only one solution.

Flying high was no longer the answer: future strike aircraft would have to be designed to fly fast at very low level, where radar had great problems picking out targets against natural features such as mountains and hills or in valleys. If the pilot flies low enough he can even gain cover from trees or buildings.

That still applies today. This year, a US Air Force officer with the job of justifying the constant low flying training over Europe simply said, "The higher you fly — the quicker you die."

Tornado's British, German and Italian designers were faced with a maze of conflicting requirements. Tornado had to be small for good



N THE STORM

Main Picture: The elegant Tornado F3. Longer than the GR1, with one cannon instead of two, it was initially designed to knock down bombers at long range rather than dog-fight. Operated only by the RAF and the Royal Saudi Air Force, it has been generally overshadowed by the GR1.
Below left: A rare underside view of a Tornado GR1, carrying fuel tanks and jammer pods. The RAF camouflage scheme is even continued to the underside of the aircraft, so that the Tornado blends in with the background at very low level. *Below:* The GR1 engaged in mid-flight refuelling.

Photographs by Chris Allan aviation library

manoeuvrability, exceptionally strong to resist cracking up in the dense air of 200 feet, a good weapons load carrier, packed with fuel for 860 miles range low down, and with provision for plenty of clever electronics for navigation and finding targets. In addition, Tornados have to be able to use short runways — its operators foresaw that a Soviet strike on NATO's European airfields would put large chunks of runway out of action. And it needed a much higher level of reliability than most of the temperamental combat planes of the 1960s and 1970s.

The final twist in this seemingly impossible specification was a purely British demand that a slightly modified Tornado should also work as an air defence fighter for the RAF rather than just a bomber against ground and sea targets.

The Tornado is a masterpiece of packaging and scores well on nearly all of these points, but no RAF pilot would dispute that the Tornado works best as a ground attack aircraft.

A walk around a fully-armed Tornado GR1 reveals a starkly functional weapons system — a close integration of aircraft, electronics systems and weapons. In the nose is a radar which automatically flies the aircraft as low as possible (designed by Texas Instruments, one of the few non-European systems fitted to the Tornado) and navigates it accurately even at night or in bad weather.

A long canopy covers the two-man crew. Two fast-firing Mauser 27mm cannons, buried in the front fuselage, are intended to blast ground targets, or, in rarer circumstances, any enemy fighter which strays into the aircraft's sights.

A pair of very compact RB199 turbofan engines are buried in the centre fuselage. They are not as powerful as the jet engines fitted to US or Soviet fighters, but when the pilot engages the afterburners — injecting extra fuel into the tailpipe — thrust leaps up by a massive 70 per cent to 16,000lbs.

Without afterburners the engines are notably thrifty. They are very closely tailored to low-level work. Under the wings and fuselage are seven seperate points for carrying an endless combination of free-fall bombs: missiles for destroying ships, radar stations or ground targets; napalm; exotic runway-busting devices; pods for jamming enemy communications, radar or missiles; Sidewinder self-defence missiles and some advanced systems for seeing in the dark and picking out targets with a laser beam.

One particular weapon carried by Tornado has never been photographed and is unlikely to be shown at your local air display. Britain's WE177 atomic bomb can be carried under the fuselage of certain RAF Tornados. This elderly weapon is scheduled for replacement by a rocket-powered stand-off bomb in the early 1990s, which will effectively turn the Tornado into a compact, modern-day V-bomber.

Tornado's most distinctive single feature is its swing-wing layout — what the aircraft industry calls 'variable geometry'. For take-off with a heavy load of weapons, Tornado has just a hint of sweepback — 25 degrees — but this changes to 67 degrees for a fast run into the target. The weapons pylons are pivoted so that all the equipment carried under the wings points to the front, regardless of wing sweep.

The Tornado prototype flew in Germany in 1974, and has been built on three seperate production lines in each partner country by a consortium blandly named Panavia. The Consortium's spokesmen at the Munich headquarters are much too diplomatic to say which nation put the most into Tornado. Travel to Lancashire, however, where Tornados are built at the Warton factory of British Aerospace, and it isn't hard to be persuaded that the engineers and designers there, who previously built the Canberra and Lightning, are at the very heart of the Tornado programme.

Above: The Tornado GR1 in its natural environment, low and fast. Note the flight refuelling probe folded away under the cockpit. *Below:* The F3, with wings in the minimum-sweepback position.

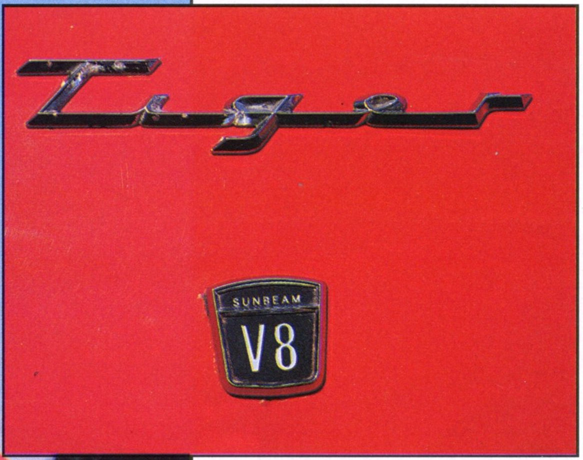
While Tornado GR1 has been a very successful aircraft in NATO service, its brother, the Tornado F3 fighter developed just for the RAF, had had more than its fair share of troubles. Most of these have stemmed from the radar, which is a completely different British system called Foxhunter. GEC, which make the radar, have launched a big programme to bring Foxhunter up to specification. But even with a top-notch radar, Tornado F3 will never be a *Top Gun* style dogfighter. Its engines, designed for low level work, don't have the punchiness needed for higher altitude interception. In fairness, Tornado F3 is intended to patrol off the coast of Britain, and to blast intruding Soviet bombers at long range. RAF officers admit, very privately, that some urgency has disappeared from this job over the last couple of years as Cold War postures melt away.

A few weeks ago RAF Tornado GR1s in the Gulf were photographed with mysterious black strips on the fin, wings and air intakes. This is called Radar Absorbent Material, and is meant to make the Tornado even less detectable by radar. This will never put the Tornado in the category of the US Lockheed F-117 Stealth fighter, but it does show that Tornado's operators intend to keep on developing and improving this remarkable aircraft.

Roar power

Take a smart British body, drop in a snarling American V8 engine, and you've got the Sunbeam Tiger – the prettiest road-eater around, says Tony Connor.

Photographs by Andrew Morland



Here's a little quiz for all you car buffs out there: what do MGBs, Morgans and Range Rovers have in common?

Nope, it isn't that Mark Thatcher's got lost in all of them. To see the answer, you'd have to get all three vehicles together (and knowing what different types the owners are, that might be dangerous in itself) and have a look under the bonnet.

All three, despite their evident Englishness, come mightily equipped with the three and a half litre V8 built by Rover but designed by Buick many years ago. It's an old trick: drop a bloody great American V8 into a pretty, but pretty pathetic, European car, and you have yourself the fabled wolf in sheep's clothing.

It's not hard to see the logic behind this. Developing a new engine from scratch (a Ferrari V12, say, or a straight-6 Jag) costs a bob or two. It's easier to buy your power off the peg: American V8s may lack the finesse and elegance of the best European engineering, but they sure as hell deliver the power. There is, they say, no substitute for cubic inches – and who cares where you get them from?

This dodge was most popular in the 60s and 70s. Through such parts-bin raids the Iso Rivolta sprang from nowhere, the AC Ace took on board a 4.7 and then a 7 litre Ford engine and became the Cobra, whilst De Tomaso took a similar route to create the Mangusta (Italian for mongoose, an animal well-known for its Cobra-killing abilities). Around the same time the stylish but dramatically underpowered Sunbeam Alpine grew into the fearsome 200 horsepower Tiger.

The Alpine, based on the dull-as-its-name-suggests Hillman Husky, was good looking enough but far too puny to cut the mustard over in the States; the Husky was a dog, and even the stylish two-seater Alpine body couldn't hide the fact. Americans have always loved European styling but hanker after the easy power of their own big-block V8s, and driving the Alpine you can see why. In fact, looking back, it was probably the world's first hairdresser's car: with all the attractions of a traditional soft-top, it nevertheless couldn't get up enough speed to ruffle even the most flyaway of wigs: all show and no go.

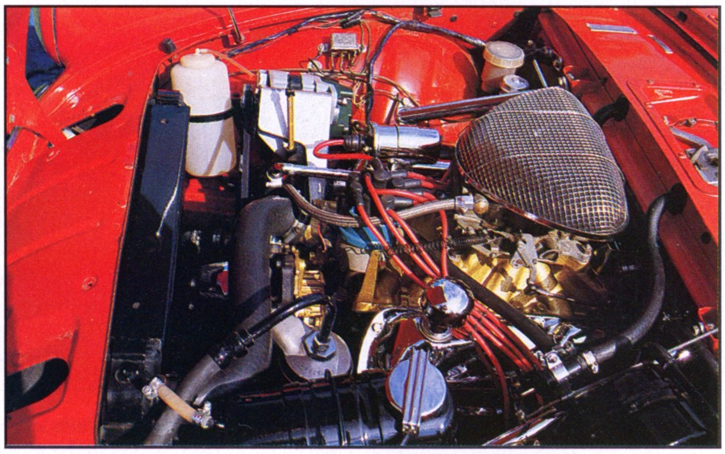
Clearly something huge had to be dropped between the front wheels to give the car some clout. A Detroit V8? Thank you, that'll do nicely.

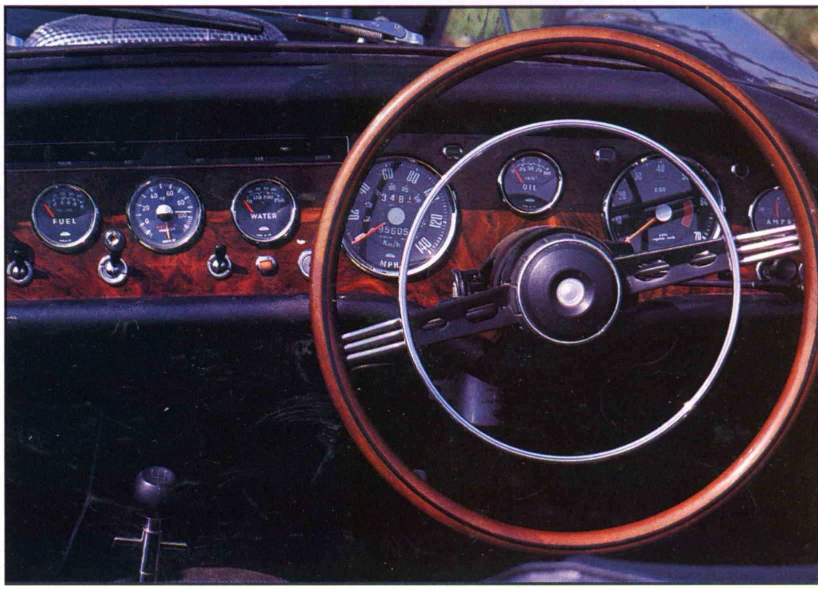
In these pre-fuel crisis, pre-legislation days the sports car was king, but if you couldn't score in the American market you weren't worth the time of day. So Sunbeam's backroom boys got their heads down and quickly produced a prototype which mated the Alpine's good looks to a 4.2 litre Ford V8. The snarling Sunbeam Tiger was born.

The prototype was rushed into production and 1964 saw the public launch of the new car, the 4.2 litre being mated to a Borg-Warner four-speed box and a heavy duty 'live' rear axle. In this form, with the eight cylinders sitting in a 90-degree vee, it was good for almost 165 bhp, considerably more than your current 16-valve hot hatch can manage, despite a fairly rudimentary valve train and no truly radical technology.

The all-iron block was topped by twin iron cylinder heads, with two valves per cylinder operated by pushrods and rockers activated by a single camshaft mounted under the

Main picture: 1967 Mk II Tiger, with original 4.7-litre V8 engine. Inset: the Mk II badge. Far left: 1965 4.2-litre V8. Centre: the Mk 1a, a 1966 4.2-litre model. Below: a 1965 racing engine. Bottom: the stylish fascia from a 1966 Tiger.





Top and far right: A 1965 Mk 1a. This model was originally used as a race car, driven by Alan Frazer. Above: the 1965 Mk I. Below right: a Mk I, originally using a 4.2-litre V8, but later fitted with a 4.7-litre block.

vee. Breathing was though one twin-choke Ford carb, and the power was transmitted through a simple single-plate clutch.

Rear-wheel drive, of course, it was a classic, if crude, configuration. But like so many of the simpler things in life, the damn thing worked.

The modifications were carried out by Jensen, no strangers to the high performance of American V8s, who made sure that the resulting engine transplant didn't simply produce a nose-heavy Alpine with overheating problems.

At the same time, the Alpine itself got a larger engine, but it was clear that as far as the power and the glory was concerned, Sunbeam had nailed their colours to the mast of the Tiger.

The Tiger raced well and sold well. The boy racers of the day queued up for a motor that looked sharp and gave heavyweight performance for a flyweight price. OK, it wasn't quite a Ferrari, but with a gung-ho wheelman it could give plenty of exotics a run for their money.

The car's popularity, not to mention the public's demand for increased power, saw the MkII launched in '67. Far fiercer than the original and a real threat to the Cobra, the new car boasted 289 cubic inches (4.7 litres) and more than 200 bhp, but Sunbeam's parent company, Rootes, was in trouble and looked to Chrysler to bail them out.

Chrysler did just that, but along the way insisted that the company drop the rival Ford V8. Smart move, boys. Trouble was, they forgot to propose a replacement and so the Tiger died, as indeed – in time – did Sunbeam, one of the oldest names in the business. The loss, of course, was the punter's.

Tigers were fast, furious and affordable – and they still are. E-type, Healey and Aston prices have gone through the garage roof, Ferraris have shot into the stratosphere, and one particular Cobra recently fetched a gobsmacking £4 million. For the same sum you could probably buy every Tiger ever built, and still have change left over.

Seriously, a good MkI will cost you about ten grand, a basket case less than half that. They're not just cheap to buy, either: the Ford V8 is easy to work on, spare parts are relatively cheap, and while a Tiger will drink more than Greenpeace would like it'll still beat an E-type away from the lights. What more could you ask?

HANGING TOUGH

Charging high into the air over 30 foot surf, wave jumpers do the impossible every day – for big bucks

Higher, harder, faster – and more dangerous. Every year professional wave jumpers push back the limits of their sport, and at the recent Aloha Classic in Hawaii, 148 competitors (40 of them women) defied the elements to produce spectacular stunts never seen before. Stunts like the Cheese Roll, where the board twists around the surfer as he flies up to 20 feet in the air. Or the Table Top, which involves the competitor kicking the board so that it flies through the air upside down. That may seem almost impossible, but still the wave jumpers find ways to make the challenge more difficult: they perform these stunts without using their hands. Injuries are common.

The sport's undisputed king, 27-year-old American Robby Naish, again put in the sort of performance that made him the crowd's favourite. Naish is the only man to have completed two 360 degree turns in mid-air, and land cleanly on the surf afterwards. However it was Maui local Rush Randle who won the men's section, taking the lion's share of the $120,000 prize money on offer, despite gusty 30-knot winds. The women's trophy was snatched by Britt Dunterbeck.

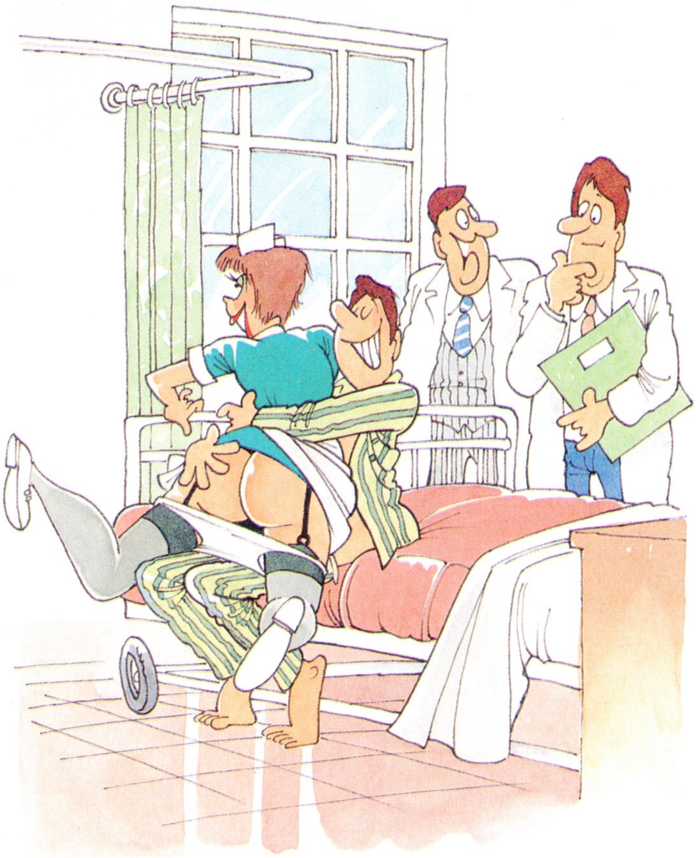
If the rewards seem high for a sport with relatively few competitors, so are the costs. The boards, which have a foam core strengthened with kevlar and then fibreglassed over, cost between £500 and £800 apiece. Spare masts, booms and fins (at between £300 and £700 each) are also essential as breakages are common in heavy surf. And travel to events all over the world doesn't come cheap either. Wave jumping *can* be practised over here: in Cornwall and on the South Coast it is proving popular, though obviously the surf is tiny by Hawaiian standards. Which explains why, when it comes to this particular sport, Americans will remain one jump ahead.

Photographs by Max Earey

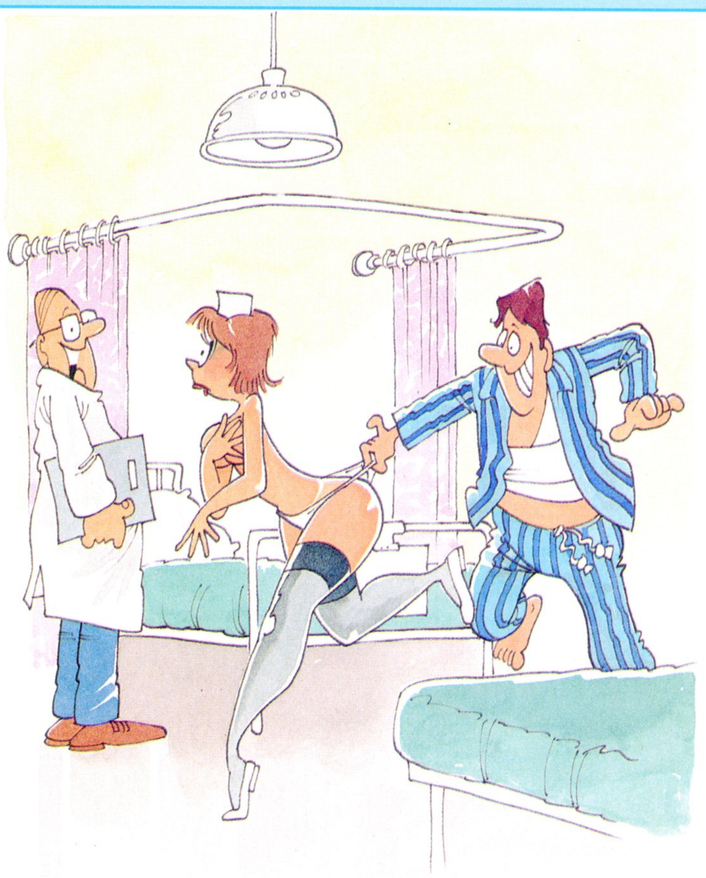
'I know there's a shortage of beds at this hospital, but this is ridiculous!'

The NHS may be NBG, private may be purgatory – but Anthony reckons there are still a few good things about hospitals. They're called nurses...

Nurse! Come quickly!!

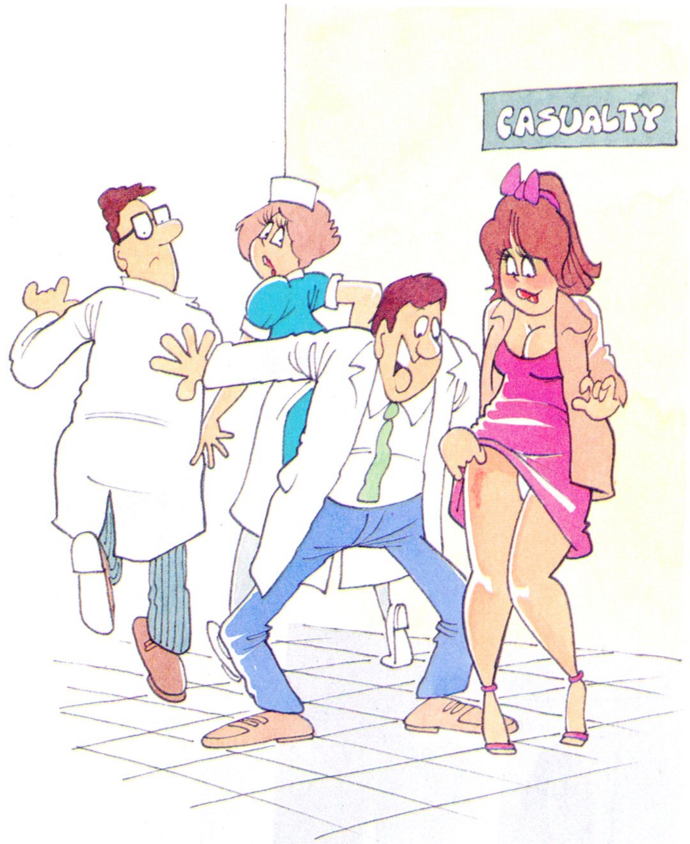


'The transplant operation appears to have been a complete success'

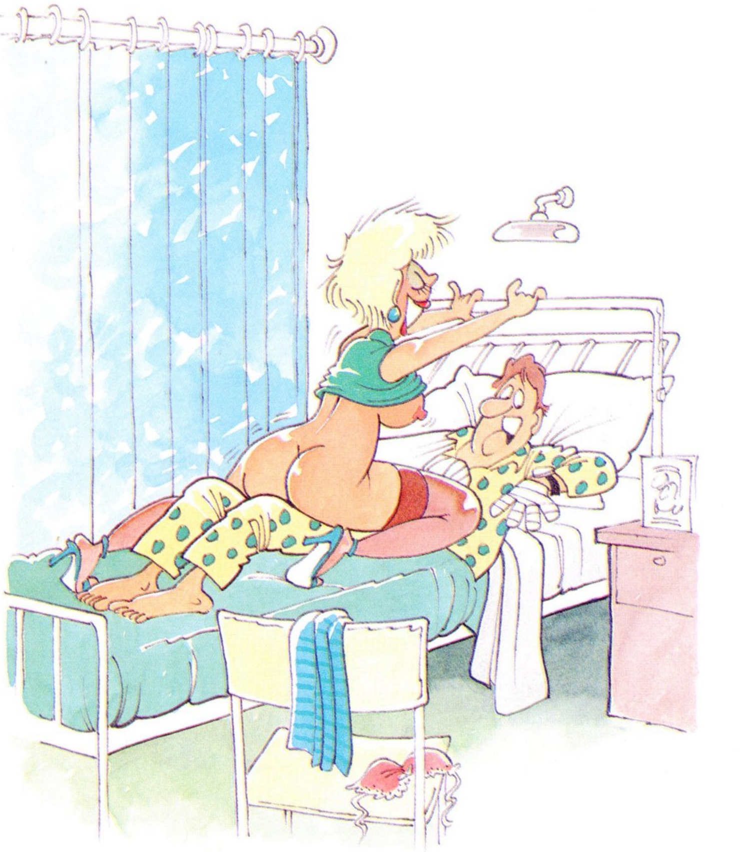


'That's the idea, nurse... make sure Mr Graham gets plenty of exercise!'

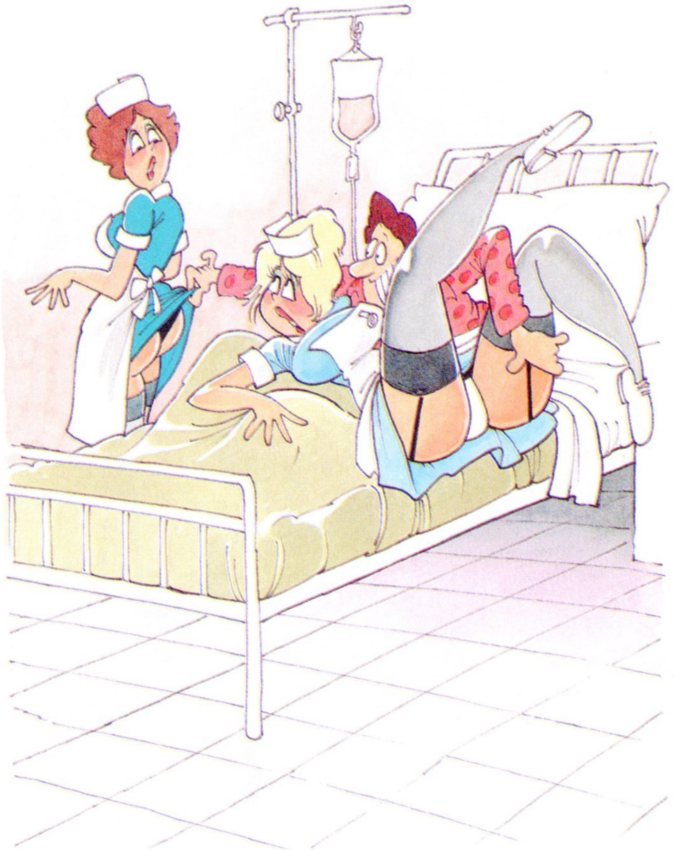
'Oh, no! He's had a relapse!'



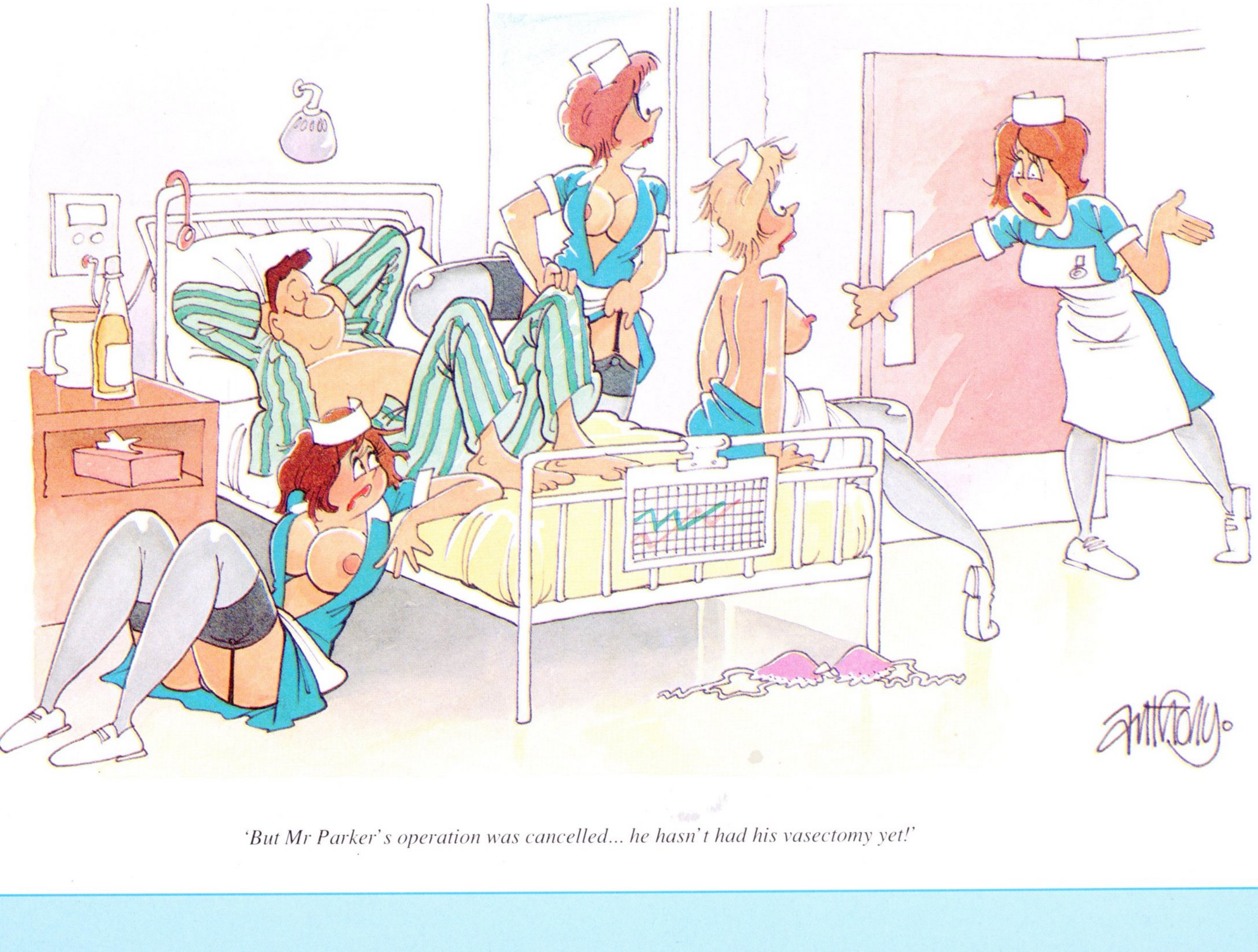
'Forget the cardiac arrest for a moment... this young lady appears to have grazed her leg'



'Faster darling, faster! Visiting time's almost over'



'I think the anaesthetic is beginning to wear off, sister!'



'But Mr Parker's operation was cancelled... he hasn't had his vasectomy yet!'

Can a man always tell when a woman is attracted to him? This month Quest looks at the way women can initiate sexual encounters — and how their actions can be missed or misconstrued, however erotic the final outcome.

Quest

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 25
Town of origin.... Winchester
Other details.... This blonde interviewee joined a merchant bank after university, and now works as an analyst. She shares flat with two other girls.

Quest: Do you find it easy to pick up men?
Analyst: I remember a boyfriend telling me how unfair it was that boys always had to make the running. A girl only has to smile, or flash a bit of thigh. I wish it was that easy!
Quest: But didn't you once almost have sex in an alleyway with a stranger you'd just picked up at a disco?
Analyst: I did make a fool of myself in my first year at university. But I was also in a situation where I was very attracted to someone, and I wasn't handling it very well.
Quest: Was this Robert?
Analyst: Yes, my first serious boyfriend. Unfortunately, he also happened to be going out with my best friend. But as I heard more about the relationship from Helen, I found myself sympathising more and more with him. Helen was a good friend, but she could be incredibly sulky and demanding. Robert was sensitive too, but he had a fantastic sense of humour, which, half the time, went right over Helen's head. He needed really someone lively to bring him out.
Quest: Like you, for instance?
Analyst: I did feel Robert was aware of me, but he was very involved with Helen. And I didn't really know how to attract him anyway.
Quest: Why not?
Analyst: I wasn't very bright where men were concerned. It wasn't my fault. I'd spent years at a single sex school, with no real contact with the opposite sex. I did know a few girls who'd all go to a disco at least once a week, and organise the evening like a military campaign. Each would pick a target, and just go for it. I was fascinated.
Quest: Were you tempted to do the same?
Analyst: I was curious, but I didn't dare — not then. But, in my first term at university, it was different. I wanted a relationship.
Quest: Were you a virgin?
Analyst: I'd done the deed with a friend of my brother's the year before. Only a kind of drunken grope at a party, that went further than expected. I'd been quite smitten, but it hadn't come to anything. Robert was the first man I'd met since who I wanted to get involved with. He used to tell me about Helen, how difficult things were. There'd been moments, when we were alone, when I'd been convinced he was going to kiss me, but he never had. This was just before I persuaded a couple of ex-schoolfriends, both about as naive as I was, to go slumming with me at the local disco. I think I wanted to make a gesture, to show myself there were men who'd find me much more attractive than Robert obviously did. I think I proved that! But Helen heard about it at the last moment, and invited Robert and herself along.
Quest: What happened?
Analyst: It was very embarrassing. Helen was in a dreadful mood, snapping away at Robert. Everyone was relieved when they finally went off for a huddle in the corner. I was fuming — at Helen, and at Robert for putting up with her.

Quest

Then this really attractive man turned up.
Quest: Your alleyway man?
Analyst: Rick, or so he called himself. The only man in a suit! He was about 26 — slim, dark, longish hair, quite refined features. He was standing comfortably at the bar, sizing up the place. I said, "We've got to grab him now!" My friends kept saying, "You can't just go up to someone." It seemed we'd all just sit and twitter all evening. I jumped up, went over, and virtually snapped at the barman out of sheer nerves. It got his attention, though, and Rick's. Then I found myself trying the 'light my cigarette' trick — I actually needed one by then. Of course, I dropped the thing! I dived for it, but Rick got there first. He said, "You are in a tizzy." I burst out laughing. And we were away — my first pick-up! He was charming, funny, and physically very attractive He brought me drinks, and we danced, but basically he was trying his luck. I thought I could handle that.
Quest: You couldn't?
Analyst: He got very persuasive, especially in the slow numbers towards the end. He wanted to run me back to college. I said I'd arranged to go in my friend's car. Then he said he only wanted five minutes to say goodbye, and surely my friends wouldn't mind. By now Robert seemed to have gone. So I thought, what the hell — what can happen in five minutes? Which shows how naive I was.
Quest: Go on.
Analyst: Rick knew a short cut to the car park.

He started holding me. Then a hand closed over my boob, cupping and squeezing it. He was really turning me on.

We went out of a side door I hadn't even noticed, into this narrow alleyway. There was a kind of alcove, set into the wall, and it was very dark. Rick eased me into it, saying we'd be undisturbed there. I wasn't sure that it was a good idea, but I did really fancy him. Then he put his arms round me, and kissed me. He started stroking me, first my back, then my hips, and then he brought a hand up the front of my dress. His hand closed over my boob, cupping and squeezing it. I was starting to get really wet between the legs, he was really turning me on: it was a terrific feeling in a way, but a little voice in my head suddenly said, 'What the hell do you think you're doing?' That's when it dawned on me that although I'd deliberately set out to pick this guy up, I'd made a mistake. He was a really nice guy, he was really sexy, but I just didn't want to go any further. I think Rick sensed that I wasn't happy, and he slowed down and said "Is this OK?" I'd just said "No, I'm not sure it is," when I heard Robert calling my name. Rick was off in a flash when he heard that, so maybe I'd been right to have reservations...

Quest: What did Robert say?
Analyst: He said he'd been looking for me for ages. Helen had gone off in a huff with the others. Then, completely unexpectedly, he curled his arm round my shoulder and held me. It felt gorgeous! It was actually the first time he'd touched me. I even groaned when he stopped. He seemed as surprised as me, but that's when I knew things would be alright.
Quest: That you would make love with Robert?
Analyst: That Helen suddenly didn't matter any more. We began to walk home. I'd never known Robert so animated; there was this lovely, bubbly feeling between us. I didn't plan to seduce Robert, but when I offered him a nightcap, he accepted like a shot.
Quest: Who made the first move?
Analyst: It just happened. We talked in the lounge, standing quite close. Then I went to make coffee in the kitchen. Robert followed me. The room was the size of a cupboard. As I asked him to pass a cup, he turned and bumped into me. Suddenly we were kissing. The only problem was we happened to be standing right in front of an uncurtained window! When Robert started to get more passionate — sliding a hand up onto my boob — I had to point out half the neighbourhood were probably picking up binoculars.
Quest: Presumably you left the kitchen?
Analyst: I showed Robert through into my bedroom, and left him while I got ready in the bathroom; I actually pinched my flatmate's condoms. When I got back Robert had put the light out, which was nice, and he was in bed. So I slipped in beside him.
Quest: What were you wearing?
Analyst: A long T-shirt and pants. Robert wasn't wearing anything, which was cheeky. Then he leaned over me, and we kissed, and cuddled, and he began stroking me through my T-shirt.
Quest: Did he take it off?
Analyst: After a bit he slid his hand under it and fondled my boobs. When it began to get in the way, I sat up and pulled it off for him. That's when he first kissed my boobs, which was glorious! I can happily have my boobs fondled for hours. He was passionate, but patient, too, which I appreciated. He didn't finger me, even though I could feel his cock was incredibly stiff. When I felt ready, I wriggled out of my knickers, gave him the condom and he slipped between my legs. I did help him find my hole, then his cock slid straight into me, and we were off.
Quest: Did you climax?
Analyst: I just remember it as an incredibly exciting and beautiful moment. I'd never felt so close to anyone before, especially when Robert gave this great groan and started jerking away inside me. Afterwards, there was some remorse about Helen. It didn't stop us doing it again half an hour later! And in the morning. That was the nicest physically. Robert took me from behind. He had a very long, slim penis — I never realised how long until my next boyfriend! As he slid into me, I was suddenly panting like a mare on heat. I hardly ever come that quickly. It was lovely.
Quest: So, in fact, your pick-up technique was successful?
Analyst: Eventually!
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Male
Age.... 29
Town of origin.... Wilmslow
Other details.... This interviewee joined a major bank after leaving school and is now an assistant manager. He lives with his girlfriend.

Quest: Are you always aware when a woman is making a sexual invitation?
Manager: My girlfriend says I normally need a girl to strip naked and lie down with a large cardboard arrow pointing between her legs. But I'm not sure if anyone would immediately twig they were being invited to a threesome, especially in a foreign language.
Quest: That happened to you?
Manager: Only the once, unfortunately — the year I met my girlfriend. I went skiing in the Tyrol with a group from work. There was another large, mixed party of Germans at the same hotel. A couple of the girls were very attractive, and their English wasn't bad. I seemed to strike a chord with a girl called Gisela. She was blonde, with quite a rounded, almost chubby face, but very pretty — and she had a marvellous figure. She also had the nicest shaped boobs I've ever seen .
Quest: How did you see them?
Manager: In the hotel sauna. I'd no idea Austrian saunas were mixed until two of our fellows found themselves sharing with a woman and her teenage daughter. I went after a disco night in the hotel. The Germans were there. I got talking to Gisela. Then my lot wanted to go on, but I stayed, though I was in two minds about it.
Quest: Why?
Manager: Gisela had a boyfriend, a stocky, good-looking blond guy; I'll call him Hans. He was just hanging around her, smiling. I hoped they might be brother and sister, but no such luck. He was there that night, while Gisela and I chatted and danced — even got

quite smoochy on a couple of slow numbers. I really thought she might be dumping him. Then I went to the loo. As I came back, Gisela and Hans got up. "We are going to have a sauna," she said. I thought, 'Great. I do the chatting up, Hans gets the benefit.' Then she said, "You must come, too. You like to sauna?" And took my arm.
Quest: What happened?
Manager: My first thought was, 'Bloody hell! Stripping off with a bird I fancy. It's got to be a come on.' Then I was convinced I'd end up with a stalk like a cucumber. As it happened, we changed seperately and, in the temperature of that sauna, I had trouble enough *breathing*. We ended up sitting in a row on the bench, Gisela between Hans and I. When she first came in she had her towel tucked over her boobs. But, after she'd got up to pour more water on the stove, she let the towel drop, and sat down with it over her knees. Her boobs were big but beautifully full and rounded. I couldn't help gawping. Then I found her grinning back; she must have known what I was thinking. She asked me if I'd enjoyed myself.

Her lips closed around me. She did it beautifully with little flicks of the tongue. I didn't know Hans was there

We just had to zip upstairs and bonk the night away.
Quest: Did you?
Manager: No! Gisela suddenly said, "Hans and I must rest. Thank you for a pleasant evening." And she pecked me on the cheek! By the time I'd taken it in, they were in the lift.
Quest: How did you react to that?
Manager: Badly! The next night I ran into Gisela. She was very friendly, asked if I was going to the cellar disco again, because she'd enjoyed it so much. Perhaps we could have one dance? We had three before I was sure Hans wasn't lurking somewhere. Gisela was sitting thigh to thigh, leaning close. It had to be my night. Then she announced she was tired; This was barely ten thirty.
Quest: You believed her?
Manager: I begged her to stay; she just smiled and refused. Finally I offered to walk her to her room. We went up in the lift. There were two suitcases, with a man's jacket on a chair. She shut the door, picked up the phone and said, "I must call Hans, in case he expects me." She rattled away in German, then she said, "He wants to stay where he is. Would you like a drink while I have a shower?" That was it, red light time. Even I couldn't miss it. She went into the bathroom. I gave it five minutes, and followed her.
Quest: How did she react?
Manager: The shower was just a screen down the side of the bath, quite open from the back.

Quest

She turned round in the bath. She had incredibly fine pubic hair — I thought at first she'd shaved it. She said, "Have you come to help me?" I said I'd do whatever she liked. She asked for a towel, which I gave her, then she climbed out, holding the towel up in front of her, but standing very close. She asked if I'd like a shower, too. I said fine. She went over to the mirror, watching me in it and towelling herself while I pulled my things off.
Quest: How did you react to all this?
Manager: My cock was at half-mast before I got in the water. As I soaped myself, she turned back, still holding up her towel, and came over to the bath, grinning, looking straight down between my legs. "You have a nice one," she said. "Shall I wash it for you?"
Quest: She soaped your erection?
Manager: It *was* an erection by the time she'd lifted up a face flannel. Then she leaned into the bath, and began dabbing round the sides of my cock. I just stood there, twitching, not believing this was happening. Then she folded the flannel round my shaft, looked at me, and began gently wanking me. "Do you like that?" she said. I shut my eyes; I didn't dare look at her. Then I did, saw her smile, then glanced down at those incredible boobs, swaying together. That was it. Suddenly I was imitating Vesuvius. She gave a little shriek, and burst out laughing. "Oh," she said, "bad boy!"
Quest: Was she disappointed?
Manager: I was. She seemed happy to wait for me to get my breath back, and climb out of the shower. Then she wrapped her towel round herself, and went out. I did the same, came up behind her as she was bending over her bed, and pulled her round. She was grinning, but, as I went to kiss her, she giggled and moved her head away, so I could only hug her. At least the towels dropped off and our bodies were finally touching — not that I could do much about it immediately. I lifted my hands and cupped those lovely boobs. She purred, then pulled away, and told me to lie on the bed.
Quest: Did you?
Manager: I stretched out on my back. She turned off all the lights, except the light from the bathroom, knelt on the end of the bed, and leaned forward between my legs. Then she smiled, reached down, picked up my limp cock, and began gently tugging at the foreskin. After a minute or so her head dipped, and I felt her lips close round the end of my knob. She did it beautifully — very delicate little flicks of her tongue, just tickling the edge of my gland, then a slow, soft sucking into the back of her mouth, then back to my gland. I was in seventh heaven. My cock revived. I moaned and closed my eyes — which is why I didn't notice anyone else was in the room until I heard the door click shut.
Quest: Who was this?
Manager: Guess. I glimpsed this shadowy figure and nearly expired. Then the bathroom light caught his face. It was Hans. Grinning as usual. He just looked at me, and put his finger up to his mouth. Then I heard a zip undo, and the mattress sagged.
Quest: Gisela didn't react?
Manager: A grunt in the back of her throat, and a sort of purr. She couldn't do much else with my cock in her mouth. She didn't exactly act surprised. By this time I could make out Hans kneeling on the end of the bed behind her. His hand touched her hip, there was a bit of shuffling, Gisela suddenly groaned, and began jerking backwards and forwards.
Quest: Hans was having intercourse with her?
Manager: He'd slipped into her from behind. It didn't stop her keeping me in her mouth, mainly by clutching me round the base of my cock. She was wiggling her bottom against Hans while pulling my cock all the way down her throat: she was going wild, really. The noises she was making – it was so erotic! When Gisela started gasping and thrashing about, and I realised she was about to come, I think I realised that this was the sexiest, dirtiest sex act I'd ever been involved in. Then Hans groaned, obviously finishing off. Gisela seemed to go frantic, and literally hoovered at me. I let fly, while she groaned and gulped.
Quest: You were set up?
Manager: Either from the start, or from when Gisela made her call. I'll never know. Then we finished. Hans curled up with Gisela, and they dozed. I was just left there. I got up, dressed, and stumbled back to my room. In the morning they'd gone.
Quest: Thank you.

PERSONAL FILE
Name.... Withheld
Sex.... Female
Age.... 24
Town of origin.... Newcastle-upon -tyne
Other details.... This atractive red head interviewee worked briefly as a croupier, but is now a local government housing officer.She shares a flat.

Quest: Do you have a pick-up technique?
Housing Officer: I wouldn't like to admit I go around picking up men! I have ways of attracting fellows I go for, though I wouldn't even have admitted that three or four years ago.
Quest: Why not?
Housing Officer: Ignorance, mainly! I used to think that being pleasant and friendly, and

looking as nice as I could, would automatically make fellows fancy me. It was only working in the casino, that made me realise what I was actually doing.
Quest: What was that?
Housing Officer: Smiling at a fellow in the right way, moving that little bit closer than I needed to. I remember one fellow I fancied at work, who I regularly used to bump into — *literally* bump into — in the corridor or coming through doors. It was worth the bruises; he finally asked me out, out of guilt, I think!
Quest: Does it never go wrong?
Housing Officer: It nearly did with my present boyfriend. He claims he fancied me from the moment he saw me, which is nonsense. I almost had to bludgeon him into noticing me!
Quest: How did you meet?
Housing Officer: Through a health club we both belong to. I like to keep fit — I like sporty men, too. They have nicer bodies! Paul was a local squash champion. Quite a few girls at the club were after him, but he always gave the impression sport was the main thing in his life. I found out Paul went jogging twice a week round a course in the club grounds, so I managed to bump into him a couple times — not literally, this time! But I just couldn't get him to notice me, so I decided to use the gym when he did workouts — after spending a small fortune on the sexiest leotard I dared wear. Very tight, with much more cleavage than was practical.

He dropped the towel and kissed me, so I opened my mouth. Then his hands slid down the back of my tight leotard.

Quest: Was it effective?
Housing Officer: A bit too effective! Paul liked to go to the gym after work, sometimes as late as ten. My aerobics classes were early evening. This particular night I decided to stay on and wait for Paul. I changed and had a drink in the bar with a girlfriend, and Paul appeared. So I said I was thinking of having a second work-out. My girlfriend obviously didn't believe a word of it! But Paul said fine, he'd like the company. So I changed again, and followed him. My first victory was when Paul got his first glimpse of the leotard. His eyes popped out! Not that, being Paul, he said anything. But it was the first erotic reaction I'd ever had from him. Then we started doing a circuit together.
Quest: Was Paul still aware of you?
Housing Officer: I felt it very strongly. Mind you, it was just as much my reaction to him. He was wearing fairly tight shorts and T-shirt, which made him look pretty nice. But on the other hand, I didn't want to seem obvious, in case I put him off. In a way, I was grateful we weren't completely alone. Then I started to get into the work-out, and that feeling faded a bit — until the other fellow left the gym. That's really when things hotted up.
Quest: How exactly?
Housing Officer: Paul was putting enormous effort into what he was doing, really puffing and panting. I even wondered if he was working off naughty feelings I might be giving him! Especially when he seemed to avoid looking at me. But right at the end of the circuit there were two nautilus machines, virtually facing each other. We both ended up on them, more or less at the same time. Paul was doing this exercise which had him moving his arms apart, then jerking his hips forward. I was doing the same, but opening and shutting my thighs. They were genuine exercises. But, of course, that's not what it looked like.
Quest: It looked like you were miming sex?
Housing Officer: Yes! As I spread my legs, he thrust forward — still grunting and sweating away, only about five feet in front of me. Obviously my mind was moving in that direction, but it hit me all at once what we looked like. I was going to laugh out of sheer embarrassment. Then I caught Paul's eye, and I just knew he knew exactly what I was thinking, and he wanted it as much as I did. The moment was just explosive. I went ice cold inside. Then Paul suddenly swore, and practically threw himself off the machine. I rushed over, thinking I'd made him lose concentration and he'd hurt himself. Of course, it wasn't that.
Quest: He had an erection?
Housing Officer: A very obvious one! His face was scarlet. He kept twisting away from me, saying he was fine. Then I glimpsed his profile in the wall mirror. I burst out laughing. He had the most enormous lump in his shorts.
Quest: How did he react?
Housing Officer: He went even redder, and mumbled about having to finish now — which was awful. The first sexual thing that had happened between us, and it hideously embarrassed him! I wanted him to laugh at it with me, so I could show him I wasn't bothered. But Paul is quite an uptight person, at least when you first meet him. He obviously thought I was laughing at him. He snatched up a towel from somewhere, clutched it over his waist, and was off. I had to run after him, and catch him by the arm to make him listen. "Look, Paul," I snapped, "I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at the situation. And I'm not offended, either. Good god, how often do you think I get a reaction like that? It's a pretty genuine compliment, isn't it?"
Quest: What did he say to that?
Housing Officer: He just stared at me. I really thought I'd shocked him, or mortally offended him. Then he shocked me. He dropped the towel, grabbed my arms, and kissed me. I was so astonished I didn't react. Then I felt him stiffen, as if he felt he'd done the wrong thing, and I softened, opened my mouth and kissed him back as passionately as I could. Then he got passionate, and his hands were suddenly all over me, up and down my back, then sliding round the front of my leotard, cupping and squeezing my boobs.
Quest: You didn't object?
Housing Officer: It was what I'd been dreaming about for months. I just went up on tiptoe and squeezed myself against him. I was on cloud nine — there was this great whoosh of emotion, and I was swept away. I can be swept away like that by strong emotion, and also by sexual feelings. It's best when they both happen together. Then it was mainly emotion. Gradually it dawned on me I was getting extremely turned on — mainly because Paul was stroking one of my nipples through the leotard material. I also realised we were in the middle of a very public gym. But I had to literally push him away to make him realise, too. That finally made him laugh. Then he said, "You've no idea how long I've been dying to do this. I never dreamed you'd be interested." I just smiled and said things like this sometimes happen — out of the blue! Even then, he started bumbling again, saying he really had to go, perhaps he could give me a lift. It was lovely, in a way. He obviously couldn't believe I actually fancied him, and it hadn't been a moment of madness I probably regretted terribly! In fact, as we got into his car, I had to give him a little bit of encouragement. As he went to open the passenger door, I turned and gave him a nice, soft kiss. His eyes lit up like little lanterns. He took hold of me, and kissed me back, and I felt him stir again. After that there was this glow between us. I knew we were going to go to bed.

We undressed in the firelight. He unbuttoned my blouse, and unclipped my bra, then we lay stroking each other.

Quest: How soon did you have sex?
Housing Officer: Paul's flat was nearer than mine. As we got close he asked if I'd like to try some wine he'd been given. I never actually got a glass! We went into the living room. He turned a sidelight on, then the gas fire — it was one of those with artificial logs. As he got up from it I was next to him, and we started kissing. After a few minutes of that we got down on the rug, and Paul began unbuttoning my blouse. I let him take it off, but before he unclipped my bra I got up and turned off the sidelight. Then we undressed by the light of the fire, and lay there, kissing and stroking each other until we ended up doing what we'd just looked like we were doing earlier.
Quest: Is Paul still convinced he seduced you in a fit of passion?
Housing Officer: Well, he did, didn't he?
Quest: Thank you.

No turn unstoned

Aggressive audiences, runaway robots and props that swear at you: it's a tough life on the boards, says Clive Harris

If, as Shakespeare claimed, all the world's a stage, it might explain why the world contains so many cock-ups. Because there's nowhere quite like the theatre for enjoying the comedy of errors.

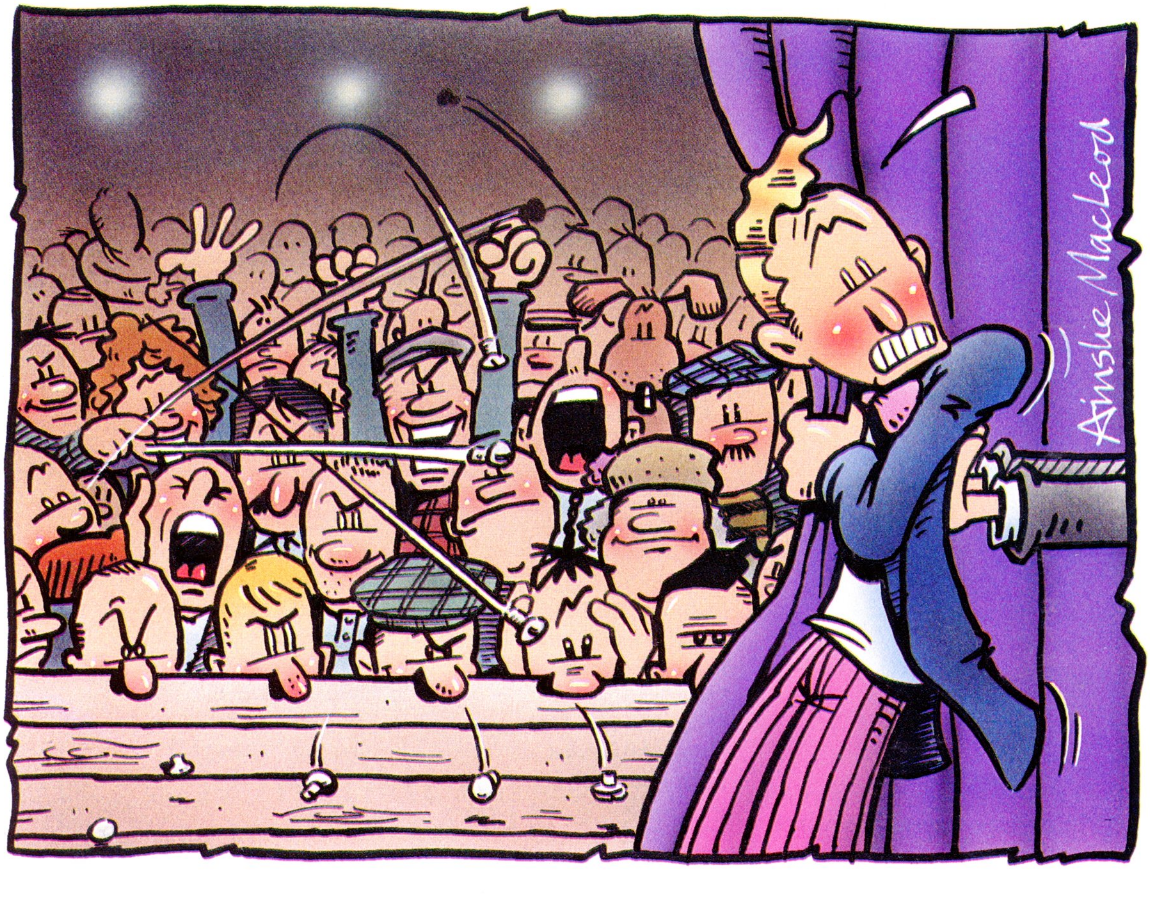
Actors drying quicker than a south east reservoir during a heatwave, jugglers making a balls-up and dancers putting their foot in it would, you might think, spell curtains for a show, but fortunately not: in fact, when the audience realise that someone's put their hulking great foot it in, they often enjoy the tortured ad libs more than the original script.

Ask any actor and he'll say the biggest problem with live theatre is dying the death. The joke that went down well in rehearsal suddenly becomes as funny as cold sick when told to an audience. No wonder so many performers regard the public as enemy number one. And when many of them have played venues like the infamous Glasgow Empire, who can blame them?

Mentioning Saturday night at the Glasgow Empire to an English comedian is far worse than saying Macbeth or whistling in the dressing room. It's been called the graveyard of the Sassanach comic, but that's an understatement: it's actually more like the Somme.

The audience of dockers at the Glasgow Empire didn't bother to heckle. They hurled rivets instead

The Glasgow audience left no turn unstoned. Shipyard workers would arrive with more pints inside them than an average supertanker, having thoughtfully filled their pockets with rivets for ammunition. At the first sign of an English comedian, the steel bolts would rain down on the hapless gag-teller along with a liberal sprinkling of Glaswegian abuse until he either abandoned the act completely or sped through it faster than Peter O'Sullivan commentating from the final furlong marker. It's the only place where the star would be riveted by the audience.



Des O'Connor, in his early days as a comedian – this was before he realised he could make more people laugh by singing – freely admits to fainting onstage at the Glasgow Empire. About two minutes into his act, the abuse and rivet-hurling was so bad, he was desperate for a way to get off. All he could think of was to pretend to pass out, so he keeled over and was carried off to a chorus of boozy boos. Eric Morecambe reckoned that Des had 'Goodnight' written on the soles of his shoes every time he played there.

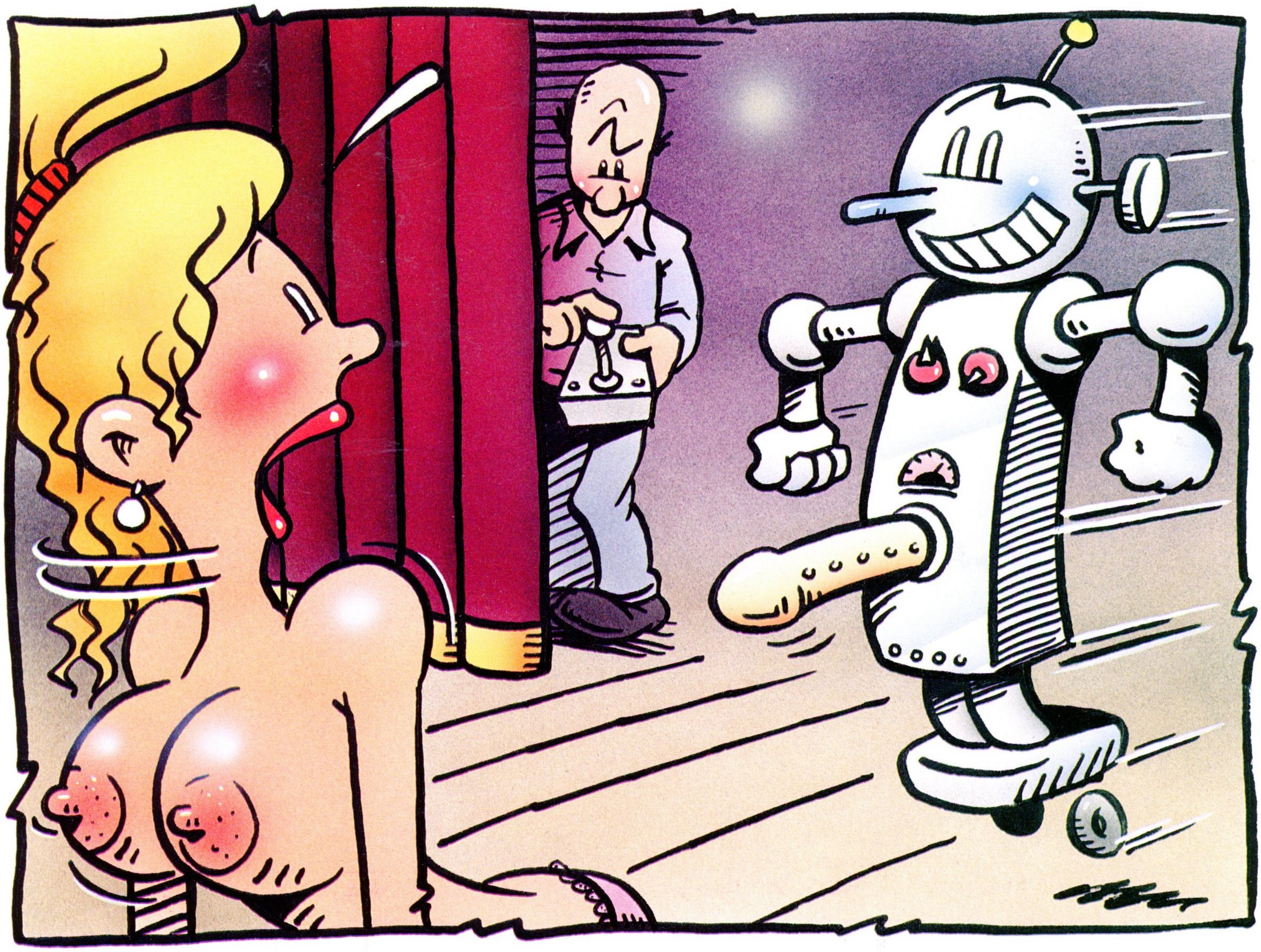
Others just got through the act as quickly as they could. Possibly the fastest was one chirpy, camp double act who came on happily singing, "Hello, hello, hello, hello, we're here to entertain you." Then they heard the loud "Grrrr" of several hundred angry Glaswegians. So they went straight into their closing song, "Goodbye, goodbye, we're going now..." without even stopping to do the act at all...

The closest thing these days to the late, great Glasgow Empire is the Northern club. Here the crowd either loves you or hates you, but they certainly let you know which.

They take the acts very seriously, as one lady ventriloquist found out. In the best club tradition, her act was bluer than a Tory party logo, and involved a great number of insults flying between herself and the crowd.

One man in the audience had been particularly unpleasant, and the cheeky dummy had fired off some subtle quip like, "When I want to hear from an arsehole, I'll fart," when the drunken bum stood up and headed for the stage. Even the ventriloquist's lips began to quiver as he pushed his way through the crowd, clambered up onto the platform, advanced on the lady performer and took a swing — at the dummy. "Whether he didn't realise it was me saying all those things or he didn't like to hit a lady I'll never know," she told me later over a stiff scotch or two.

Back on the genteel south coast, audiences also like to take part, but



they are a bit sleepier down there. One March some years back, on the end of Eastbourne pier, I was attracted by the sound of an electronic organ barely audible above the howling wind and driving rain of a seaside spring. Inside the salt-battered building, I found a young man gamely entertaining ten ladies all well into their eighties. After each number they clapped politely until he announced enthusiastically that his next would be 'a Rumba Royale!' I watched in amazement as five of the old biddies creaked to their feet, and began dancing individually and very, very slowly, arthritis clicking to the beat. One was even dancing with a walking frame. It was like a scene out of *Night of the Living Dead.*

One of the biggest fears is forgetting your lines, as Ray Cooney knows only too well. In his days as an actor he found himself in nearly as many farcical situations as his characters do now he's a comedy playwright.

Cooney was once in a thriller where first night nerves struck his co-star very badly. He was convinced he wouldn't remember his opening line, which was crucial to the plot. The whole play revolved around whether he was going to marry the female lead or murder her, and his opening line ran,"Which is it to be? Marriage or murder?"

Cooney assured him that once he got the first line out everything would be fine, and went on to repeat the line over and over to him, right up to his entrance. "Remember, which is it to be? Marriage or murder? Which is it to be? Marriage or murder?" The moment came, and the nervous novice entered with Cooney already on stage. He was shaking. There was a long pause. Cooney mouthed the words to him. The actor finally spoke. "So which is it to be?" he said with mock confidence. "Marrier or murdage?''

Cooney was left with nowhere to go. He rapped the table with dramatic decisiveness. "Murdage!" he said.

Of course, even if a performer knows all his lines perfectly, there are some things that are totally out of his control – the props. The dictionary defines 'prop' as 'an object that holds things up' and that was certainly the case in one Fiona Richmond show – they were held up by one for several weeks.

It was a robot in a sci-fi romp which had to move about the stage by remote control. After many weeks waiting for this machine to arrive, it finally turned up too late for rehearsal at the small theatre they were playing. The cast were assured that it had been tested and all would be well.

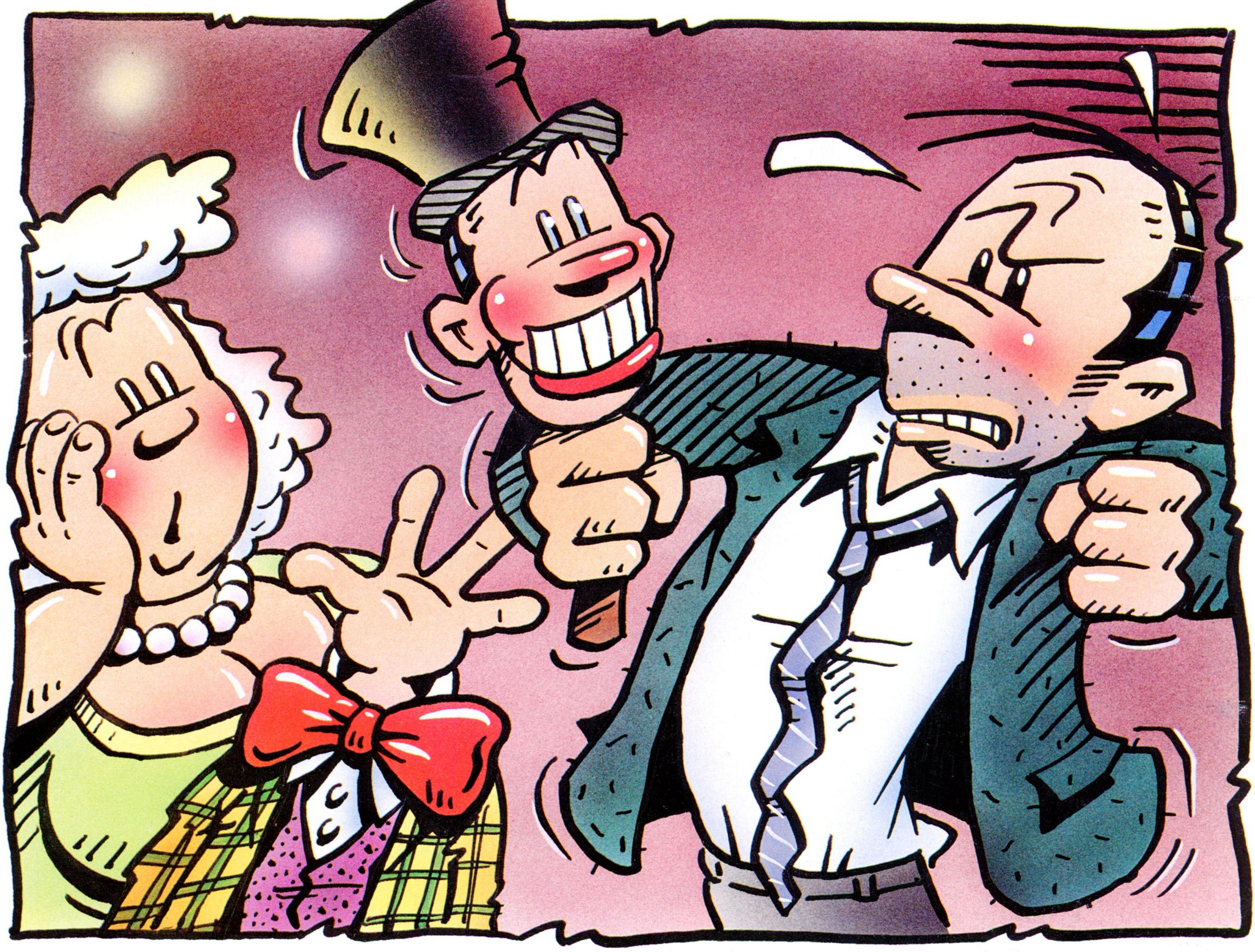
The randy robot in one nude frolic couldn't cope with the slope of the stage, and careered out of control...

Sure enough, early in the show, the robot made its debut at the back of the stage past the scantily-clad ladies that adorned Fiona's shows. It trundled to the centre, and then turned to head upstage towards the audience. Unfortunately, the design of the robot hadn't taken into account that in a small theatre, the 'rake' or slope of the stage is very steep. The robot turned, started moving forward, then gathered speed...

The operator of the remote control soon realised the brakes were useless on the gradient, and along with the audience and nude performers could only watch as the machine sped along, fell off the the front of the stage and crashed into the orchestra pit, where it broke into more pieces than the band. Unfortunately the android had an important role in the nude frolic (I deliberately avoided saying it had a big part) and the rest of show was completely incomprehensible – but nobody'd really come for the plot!

In situations such as these, the only answer is to ad lib. Jimmy Tarbuck tells a story of how he was struck dumb by a brilliant piece of invention from a relative novice. He was in panto one year, playing the lead with a batch of rep actors in the other roles. This is a common policy for small theatres with a rep company: it keeps them in work but also provides a big name draw. However the 'stars' don't like it as rep people are not as used to the seat-of-the-pants performing required by light entertainment – or so Mr Tarbuck thought.

During the show, Tarbuck had several dialogues with the panto villain, a rep member, who appeared and disappeared in a puff of smoke



courtesy of a trap door and flash paper, and always talked in rhyme. All had gone well until, after a particularly villainous piece of skullduggery, the actor stood on the trap door to make his exit.

Two things went wrong. Firstly the trap door jammed halfway, leaving the actor stuck with his head and shoulders above the stage; secondly, the flashpaper failed to go off meaning all this was visible to the audience. Tarbuck was laughing too hard to say a thing, but fortunately Abanaza wasn't. With a straight face, he bellowed, "Goodness gracious, what a caper! Somebody's pissed on the magic paper!", ducked out of sight, and left Tarbuck on stage, giggling helplessly.

Sometimes though, the failure of props is brought about by practical jokes amongst the cast. Long runs can be very boring and are often cheered up by in-jokes and tricks. Even operas have their share. Witness the occasion somebody swapped platters on the man supposed to be bringing on the head of John the Baptist, so that when he lifted the cover, instead of revealing the grisly remains, all that appeared was a tray of innocuous ham sandwiches. Then there's the story Penelope Keith tells of her lengthy run in Alan Ayckbourn's *Norman Conquests*.

In this she played a po-faced character with no sense of humour at all. After several months in the West End, the rest of the cast were determined to get her to laugh on-stage. Many attempts were made, all unsuccessful, but the closest came during the breakfast scene set at the dining room table with her facing the audience. She'd just finished a snooty speech when another actor passed her the butter dish. She lifted the lid to find somebody had engraved the word 'Fart' in the butter. She spluttered but managed to keep a straight face...just.

When the lady ventriloquist started insulting the audience, one man took offence. So he climbed on stage... and hit the dummy!

Long runs are one problem, but some actors find it hard enough to cope with long plays, especially if they're been soothing the nerves with some dutch courage. Richard Burton found himself caught short halfway though Richard III, and crying "A piss, a piss, my kingdom for a piss!"

It was on a tour in Wales and he had been drinking pints with his Welsh friends before the performance, not thinking that he spent most of the play onstage, out of reach of a toilet. The inevitable happened. Halfway through a particularly long scene, Burton got that feeling beer drinkers know so well. He just had to go! So he strutted downstage to a convenient spot where a waist-high piece of scenery meant that he could undo his chainmail and pee behind it whilst still delivering his soliloquy.

Unfortunately, like the designers of Fiona's robot, Burton didn't take the rake of the stage into account, and the audience were a little startled by the sight of a trickle of liquid running down the stage toward them. They needn't have worried about getting wet, though. Drowning wasn't the danger: suffocating was.

The royal wee ran down into the footlights at the front of the stage, where for several minutes it remained harmlessly. Then the lights started warming up, and a noxious steam began to rise. The front row started coughing, followed by the row behind. In the end, the first five rows were in such a bad state, and disturbing the rest of the audience so badly, they had, like Burton's bladder, to be evacuated. The management were furious – and so were the costume department. Richard III's chainmail had gone for a Burton and become rusty round the crotch.

And on that sour note, I'd better bring the curtain down on this collection of theatrical digs. Of course, I'm well aware that there are hundreds of shows going on every day which turn out perfect every time, and I for one have the greatest respect for all performers... I think. But just this once, let's have a big hand for the cock-up. Go on, take a bow!

GENTLEMEN THAT REMINDS ME. . .

A ROUND-UP OF AFTER-DINNER JOKES

After searching the train for somewhere to sit, a young man finally found a place in a compartment containing two pinstriped gentlemen. As the train trundled slowly towards Waterloo, he became aware that one of the men kept frantically scratching the underside of his left arm. The scratching continued all the way to Clapham when the young man felt obliged to ask if the gentleman was all right.

"I'm sorry, it's just my haemorrhoids playing up," he replied. The young man looked somewhat surprised.

"You'll have to excuse my colleague," whispered the other suited gent. "He's an MP, and doesn't know his arse from his elbow."

How can you tell a real macho man?
He jogs home from his own vasectomy.

Two keen golfers were discussing the new lady professional at their club.

"I hear she's a bit of all right," said one. "Is she game for playing around, if you know what I mean?"

"Apparently not," said his fellow golfer. "Roger got her in the rough last week..."

"Yes, and..."

"He declared her an unpliable lay."

What's the difference between ignorance and apathy?
I don't know and I don't care.

A horny old man was chatting up one of the dancers at a Paris night club.

"Tell me, what's the secret of your success?"

"It's easy," she replied. "First, I high-kick with my left leg, then I high-kick with my right leg — and between them I make a living."

An Army sergeant went marching up to a prostitute near their base in Hamburg.

"Excuse me, madam," he asked crisply. "How much would you charge for the pleasure of my company?"

"Thirty pounds," replied the street walker.

"Oh, right," said the sergeant, doing a swift about-turn. "Company, by the right, QUICK MARCH!"

The slim blonde biology teacher had been explaining the human digestive system to her class of young boys. At the back, Johnny hadn't be paying attention to her lesson, and she caught him staring out of the window.

"Johnny," she barked, "you haven't heard a word I've said, have you?"

"Please, Miss, I have," he replied desperately.

"Right then," the teacher retorted. "Give me a sentence with the word 'urinate' in it."

The boy thought long and hard.

"I know, Miss," he replied brightly. "Urinate but if you had bigger tits you'd be a ten."

An old man was boasting to his mates in the pub about the number of women he'd had in his life.

"And even now I'm 85," he said proudly, "I still make love nearly every day."

"Well, I can't believe that!" said one of his cronies.

"It's true. Take this week, I nearly made love on Monday. I nearly made love on Tuesday. I nearly made love on Wednesday... "

An actor went to the doctor complaining of a slight itch on his old man. He explained his plight to the GP who sat looking thoughtful.

"Don't you want me to strip off?" asked the actor, eager to oblige.

The doctor scratched his head.

"Frankly," he replied, "I'm not sure the part warrants it."

A tight-fisted old man name of Schroder
Would not pay a whore what he owed her.
So with great savoir faire,
She stood on a chair,
And pissed in his whisky and soda.

What's the difference between a trampoline and a lawyer? You take your boots off to jump on a trampoline.

Confucius he say, "Wise man follow the law of the dog. If he can't eat it or fuck it, he piss on it!"

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